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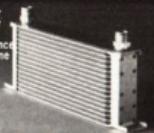
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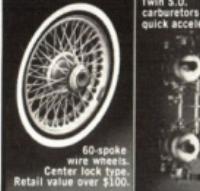
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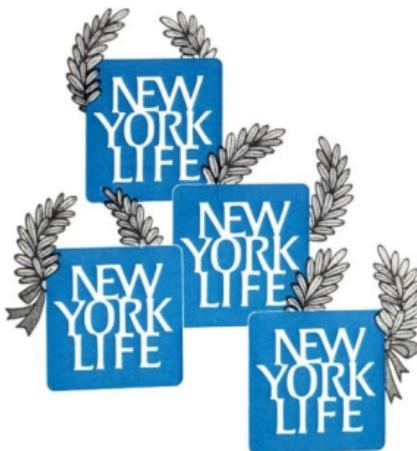
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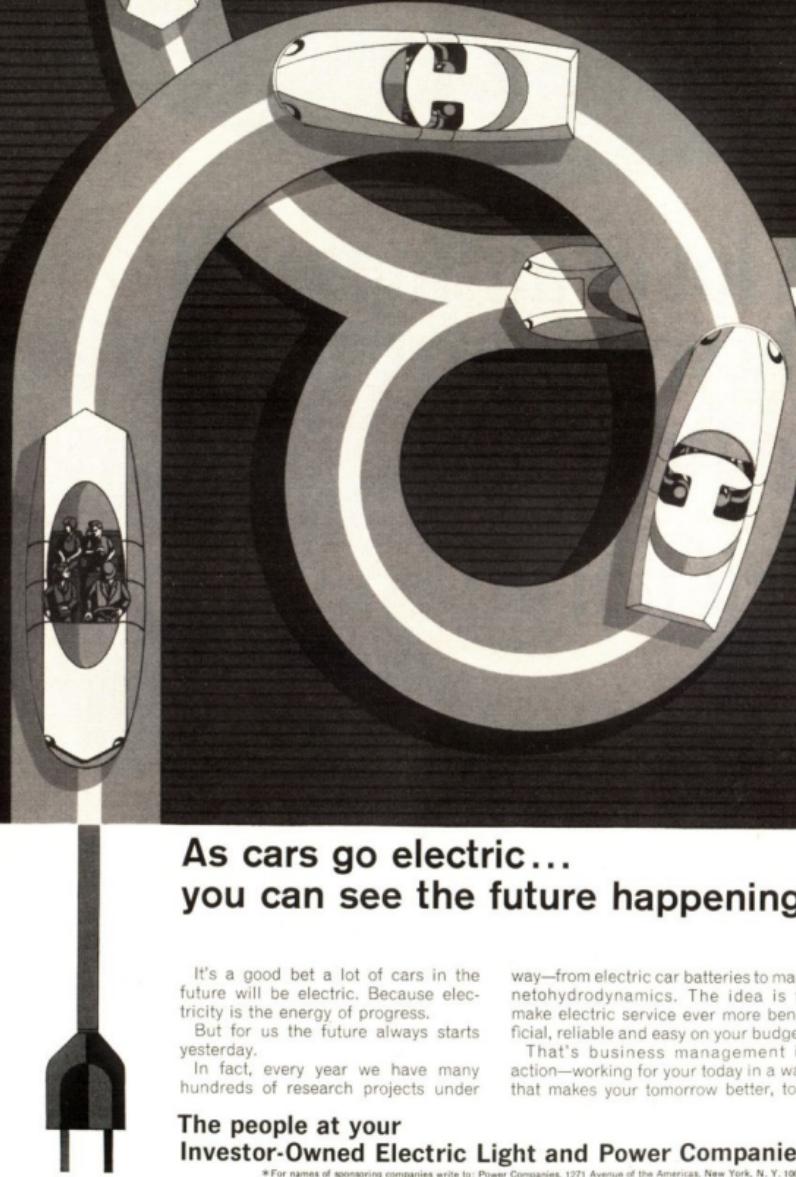
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 18

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).* Host Lorne Greene gets assistance from the Baja Marimba Band, Jerry Van Dyke, Barbara Eden, Lou Rawls and Bobby Van to show "How the West Was Swung," a song-and-dance tale of the frontier and its rough-'n'-ready folk.

ABC WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). James Mason, Susan Hayward and Peter Newmar take a ride on *The Marriage Go-Round* (1961).

Thursday, October 19

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Two chain-gang fugitives (Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis) are shackled together during a five-day flight in Stanley Kramer's *The Defiant Ones* (1958).

DEAN MARTIN SHOW (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Bing Crosby, Lena Horne and Dom De Luise drop by to visit.

Friday, October 20

OFF TO SEE THE WIZARD (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The first half of *Lili* (1958), starring Leslie Caron, Kurt Kasznar, Jean-Pierre Aumont and Mel Ferrer. Tune in next week for the conclusion.

CANADA FACES THE FUTURE: AMERICAN PROFILE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Sander Vanocur explores the U.S.'s northern neighbor—vast, diverse, sometimes troubled, always promising.

Saturday, October 21

N.C.A.A. FOOTBALL (ABC, 4 p.m., to conclusion). The Texas Longhorns v. the Arkansas Razorbacks, from Little Rock, Ark.

Sunday, October 22

CAMERA THREE (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). Part 2 of "Sometimes I Like Even Me" focuses on the Lewis-Wadham School and asks what is worth learning and how does one learn.

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-noon). On a journey to the Florida Keys—a pirates' hideout in the 1700s—Discovery takes a look at the history and mystery surrounding such infamous characters as Henry Morgan, Black Caesar and Captain Kidd.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew. THE CATHOLIC HOUR (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Third in a series of original teleplays, *The Sister* is a comic fantasy about a reform-minded young woman who creates chaos in a convent.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Bats, Birds and Bionics" is a study of the application of biology to electronics and how it will figure in man's future. Film clips include shots of devices for astronauts that were copied from bats and electronic aids for the blind modeled on the dolphin's sonar system.

JOHNNY BELINDA (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Mia Farrow stars as the victimized deaf-mute in a TV production of *Johnny Belinda*. With Barry Sullivan, Ian Bannen and David Carradine.

Monday, October 23

COACH BRYANT: ALABAMA'S BEAR (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Chris Schenkel narrates this special on one of college football's

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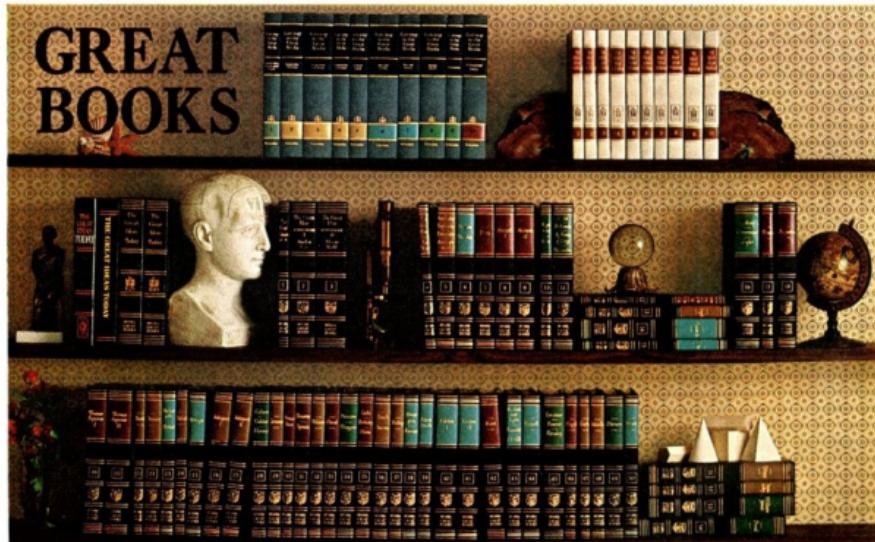
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THE LONG CHILDHOOD OF TIMMY (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). An updated version of last year's excellent documentary, winner of the Albert Lasker Medical Journalism Award, about a mentally retarded ten-year-old and the sacrifices of his family.

THE CAROL BURNETT SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Diahann Carroll, Richard Kiley and the Smothers Brothers are guests.

Tuesday, October 24

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (NBC, 7:30-9:15 p.m.). Richard Lester's highly acclaimed musical fantasy tracing 36 hours in the lives of the Beatles (1964).

KISMET (ABC, 9:30-11 p.m.). A special television adaptation of the Broadway musical starring José Ferrer, Barbara Eden, Anna Maria Alberghetti, George Chakiris, Hans Conried and Cecil Kellaway.

CBS NEWS HOUR (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Charles Collingwood narrates a news special: "Viet Nam: Where We Stand."

RECORDS

Opera, Choral & Oratorio

Two recent releases resurrect the ghosts of GERALDINE FARRAR (Everest/Scala) and MARY GARDEN (Odyssey), titans of opera's "golden age" who died early this year. These old, faint and scratchy performances used to be collector's items before being reissued; they are still priceless to those who are nostalgic about the history of glorious, if defiantly individualistic, singing.

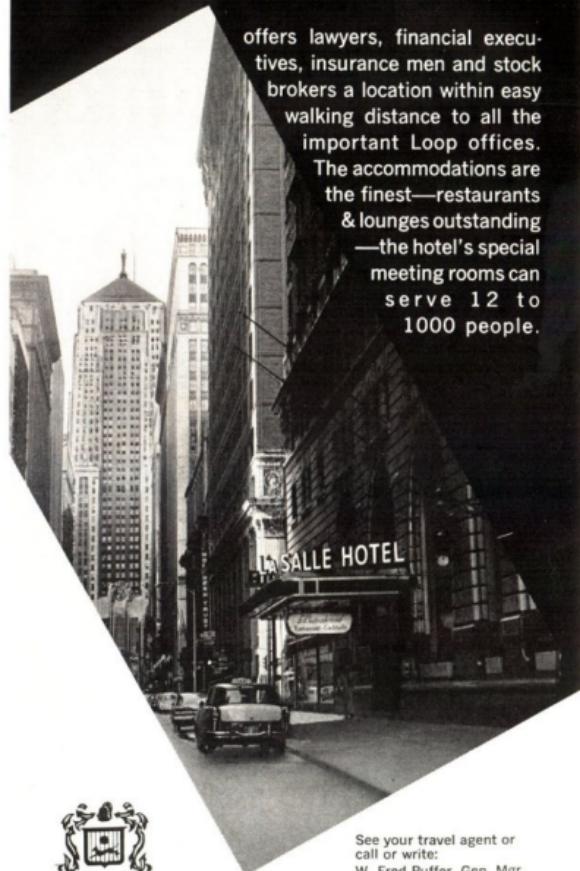
PROKOFIEV: IVAN THE TERRIBLE (Melodiya/Angel). Prokofiev composed this music for Sergei Eisenstein's movie *Ivan the Terrible* in the early 1940s, but his means (oratorio-like) and aims (monumental) hardly allow it to be described as background music. Much of it is so impressive as to provide ammunition for those who predict that the best new music will be composed expressly to serve other arts. Yet the other arts can overwhelm—as sometimes in this case, when the narrator in *Ivan* (heavily intoned in lyrical Russian by Aleksander Estrem) makes the work sound to non-Russian-speaking listeners rather like an Eastern Orthodox church service. The Moscow State Chorus and the U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra meet all of Prokofiev's grandiose requirements.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART IS A DIRTY OLD MAN (Epic). Mozart has acquired a pristine aura of impeccable glory, but, like Abraham Lincoln, he loved dirty jokes and puns—which he enjoyed setting to utterly fastidious music for the eternal amusement of the world's musicologists. Now ordinary fans can snicker along, for this album provides everything from *Leck mich am Arsch!* Goethe . . . (Kiss My Behind! Goethe . . .) to Liebes Mandel, wo ist's Bandel? (Lovey-Dovey, Where's My Glove?). The English translations may be rough, but then so are the sentiments: Norman Luboff directs a crew of singers who appropriately sound as if they had rehearsed in a rathskeller.

CARL ORFF: CATULLI CARMINA (Columbia). Gee whillikers! Such classical music and such libidinous Latin! Actually Orff's version of *The Songs of Catullus* is one of the most fascinating pieces of music composed in this century (completed in 1943). Its explicit text by Catullus (847-54 B.C.) is a delightfully, powerfully pagan ode to the joys and heartbreaks of love and lust. Eugene Ormandy's Philadelphia Orchestra

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and the Temple University Choirs understand and communicate the wild spirit of the piece.

PUCCELLI: MADAMA BUTTERFLY (Angel). Although nicknamed "Madama Butterball" by her more pernickety listeners, Renata Scotto still does her best to fulfill the image of the 15-year-old Japanese teenager, and has successfully made the role one of her specialties. Her rather metallic intonations are warmed by the richness of Rolando Panerai's baritone and Carlo Bergonzi's tenor, while Conductor Sir John Barbirolli exposes enough colors in the opera's palette to prove that it may not be so smart to sneer at Puccini's musicality.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN: THE SORCERER (London). It was a grand spoof to write an opera about a prim English garden party where a wicked magician pours a love potion in the guests' tea, but G. & S. popped the bubble before it left their pipes. Wordiness obscures their wit in spite of the chopping and splicing that at least halves *The Sorcerer* on this heavily edited recording. Nevertheless, if anyone can do Gilbert & Sullivan's third opus, D'Oyly Carte can, and it does.

VERDI: LA TRAVIATA (RCA Victor). It is amazing that Verdi's most intimate and affecting opera is so popular, for it is nearly impossible to find perfect performers for it. The consummate heroine-courtesan must have the brains of a Mme. de Staél, the temperament of a Bernhardt, and three voices that resemble the best of a Pons, Tebaldi and Callas. Although Montserrat Caballé may look like a three-in-one soprano, she has but one exceptionally beautiful voice.

CINEMA

OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE. Out of a modern Gothic tale of innocence and evil, Producer-Director Jack Clayton (*Room at the Top*) has created an adult morality play with the aid of seven children, each an accomplished scene-stealer.

THE TIGER MAKES OUT. Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson repeat their rollicking performances in Murray Schisgal's off-Broadway play *The Tiger*, with an expanded scenario that overflows with sight and sound gags.

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS. A *cinéma-vérité*-style recounting of the Algerian guerrilla war against the French during the '50s, in which Italian Director Gillo Pontecorvo has used not one frame of actual documentary film footage, yet manages to make the movie explosively real.

THE CLIMAX. The trials of trigamy, as relayed by Italian Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce, Italian Style*), with Ugo Tognazzi in the role of a man lost in the labors of love.

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS. A Czech tragicomedy about a World War II railway apprentice who never gets his signals right and a carefree train dispatcher with an express schedule of seductions.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER, by William Styron. This brooding, mythic "meditation on history" takes the reader into the heart of the Virginia slave who led a bloody rebellion in 1831.

THE PYRAMID, by William Golding. A deceptively simple story of a man's simultaneous rise and fall, absorbingly told by

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ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION, by Will and Ariel Durant. The final volume of their 38-year labor on the story of civilization once again demonstrates the Durants' immense talent for transmuting tireless research into never tiresome storytelling.

THE HEIR APPARENT, by William V. Shannon, is an often critical, usually dispassionate but at times frankly sympathetic assessment of Bobby and his attempt to bring about a Kennedy Restoration.

ON THE CHIMNEYS, by Nelly Sachs. At 75, Nelly Sachs, who lives in Sweden, writes in German and was rescued from almost total obscurity by a 1966 Nobel Prize, appears as a powerful singer of the fate of the Jewish people.

TWENTY LETTERS TO A FRIEND, by Svetlana Alliluyeva. Stalin's daughter shines her beam of light into dark Kremlin corners as she tells how her friends and family were scythed by purges.

YEARS OF WAR, 1941-1945: FROM THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES, by John Morton Blum, traces the last term in office of F.D.R.'s Treasury Secretary, Henry Morgenthau Jr., and the birth of the "Morgenthau Plan" for conquered Germany, which cost the crusty hawk his Cabinet post.

A GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS, by Joyce Carol Oates. Miss Oates is a throwback to Dreiser—a realistic novelist, telling an old-fashioned story about a girl who put success before virtue.

A HALL OF MIRRORS, by Robert Stone. From an unpromising cast of New Orleans drifters and wastrels, the author has fashioned a vibrant first novel.

THE NEW AMERICAN REVIEW: NUMBER 1, edited by Theodore Solotaroff. An exceptionally good anthology of recent writing—skilled, readable, varied.

STAUFFENBERG, by Joachim Kramarcz. A distinguished biography of the aristocratic Wehrmacht officer who led the attempt to kill Hitler and overthrow Nazism.

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA, by Robert K. Massie. Although his sentimental observation will undoubtedly nettle historians, Massie admirably humanizes the tragic couple who presided over the last days of the Russian Empire.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Chosen*, Potok (1 last week)
2. *Night Falls on the City*, Gainham (5)
3. *The Gabriel Hounds*, Stewart (6)
4. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (2)
5. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (3)
6. *A Second-Hand Life*, Jackson
7. *A Night of Watching*, Arnold (4)
8. *Topaz*, Uris (9)
9. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (7)
10. *An Operational Necessity*, Griffin (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith (2)
2. *Our Crowd*, Birmingham (1)
3. *Nicholas and Alexandra*, Massie (3)
4. *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, Kavanaugh (4)
5. *Incredible Victory*, Lord (5)
6. *Anyone Can Make a Million*, Shulman (8)
7. *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, Eisenhower (6)
8. *Hoppiens Is a Stock That Doubles in a Year*, Cobleigh
9. *The Lawyers*, Mayer (9)
10. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (10)

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LETTERS

Debate Over the Dilemma

Sir: The very idea that abortion should present a dilemma [Oct. 13] infuriates me. The morality of satisfied, waistcoated male legislators complacently discussing the academics of ending a prenatal life while terrified women are desperately inserting pointed objects into their wombs is, to my mind, infinitely more questionable than the subject of abortion itself. What is the theory behind keeping abortions from those who need them most, wives who already have too many children and unwed pregnant girls? I assume it is a Puritan hangover of a need to punish them for enjoying sex, in which case denying them the operation is as logical as castrating their husbands and lovers. The objection that an abortion prevents a human from entering the world is purely intellectual, since a major problem today is precisely the fact that there are already too many people to be adequately fed, cared for, and loved. As for the Catholics, abortion legislation is none of their business; nobody wants to force abortions upon them, only to make the operation available to women who want it.

JACQUELYN S. LANMAN

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir: If it is too delicate and shattering a concept for the overly idealistic and moralistic lawmaking males, then let's have a national referendum in the 1968 presidential elections. By using the anonymity of the voting booth, we could all publicly feign to be utterly aghast that it was approved, and privately, all those abortions would then take place in hospitals under competent medical attention.

EILEEN M. MURPHY

Syracuse

Sir: If you intended to set the cause of legalizing abortion back, you could not have done better than that sentence: "Bureaucratic paper shuffling often holds up legal operations until the 24th week—producing live babies that sometimes cry for hours before dying." What a frightful picture. All the male lawmakers don't seem to understand that a pregnancy cannot be held in abeyance while an appeal is made. Let the women write the laws.

HELEN ELIZABETH BEATTIE

Brooklyn

Sir: It escapes me how religious leaders can be so sure that the fetus is a living soul. What seminarian has not grappled with the question of the origin of the soul in his anthropology courses only to come away as undecided as ever? The church today is in grave danger of dogmatizing beyond the clear teaching of Scripture and perpetrating a far greater misery than it did when it put Galileo under house arrest for his "heresy."

(THE REV.) ANDRE BUSTANOBY

Arlington, Va.

Sir: To say that the final decision on an abortion should be an individual rather than a legal one is to assume that abortion is not murder—I take it for granted that TIME still feels that murder should be a "legal decision." And I can't help but ask those who favor abortions in cases where the child is expected to be healthy and the mother is expected to be deliver without danger: "Were you not worth saving when you were yet unborn?"

JAMES M. HALLETT

New Haven, Conn.

Putting the Parts Together

Sir: TIME deserves an Emmy. Television is part Show Business, but it is also part Press, Business, Science, Education, Sport, Art—and much more. By creating a separate Television section [Oct. 13], TIME recognizes television's compelling impact and encourages the medium to ever higher standards of service to the public.

NEWTON N. MINOW

Chicago, Ill.

Cop Out or Dig In?

Sir: Your cover story on Con Thien [Oct. 6] charts all too explicitly the erosion of this nation's will to withstand Communist depredations in Southeast Asia—or anywhere else. By all means, let's cop out on all those ungrateful Vietnamese. Especially, let's cop out on all our splendid young who went right on dying and getting mutilated while we sat here savoring the drawn-out luxury of changing our minds. Then we all get back to our color TVs and walnut-paneled cabin cruisers or, if we're the artistic type, our pornographic literature and our underground movies.

CATHLEEN BURNS ELMER

Boston

Sir: It would appear that the Communist strategy in Viet Nam that was outlined in your magazine more than two years ago is about to win the war for them. You quoted a spokesman who said that all that had to be done would be to continue fighting until the American public grew tired of the war and forced a pullout.

HAROLD G. TUCKER

Bayonne, N.J.

Sir: My association strongly feels that any reduction in effort is an insult to 10,000 dead. Korea showed that any stalemate or bombing lull will result in a rapid Communist buildup. This nation has never walked away from world responsibility, and to do so now because of the political aims of a few would be a catastrophe unparalleled in our history.

WALKER M. MAHURIN

President
American Fighter Pilots Association
Los Angeles

Sir: I cannot help feeling overwhelmed by the tremendous part your country is playing in protecting the free world. But I am embarrassed by this fact and fail to see why every Western country, some enjoying privileges obtained indirectly by

the deaths of young Americans, should not be involved in the Viet Nam war on an equal stand with the United States.

PETER JOHNSON

Auckland, New Zealand

Long Division

Sir: The Essay "Divided We Stand" [Oct. 6] attempts to prove that opposition to Viet Nam is in a long and venerable American tradition and should not prevent us from pursuing our stated purpose. But, as opposition to our last four wars has been minimal, we have a 60-year tradition of being able to morally and politically support our wars. This may account, in part, for why we are so troubled by the extent of our national dissent on Viet Nam.

PATRICIA H. PAINTON

Paris

Sir: You seem to assume that all our wars, including Viet Nam, may be regarded in the same context. Have you forgotten the Bomb? We are now flirting with global nuclear war. We are placing ourselves and the rest of the world in great jeopardy. We do this by not facing the facts, however unpleasant: China is the great power in Asia and she cannot be contained by us; Communism and nationalism are inseparably fused in Viet Nam, and the fusion will not disappear short of genocide. We feel ourselves called upon to destroy the Communist philosophy by war. This is impossible, so we kill people, but not ideas.

HELEN M. CULLY

Cowesdale, Pa.

Sir: I object to the comparison of George III to Ho Chi Minh. Ho should rather be compared with George Washington as a person who incites normally law-abiding citizens to revolt against their legal government. Now perhaps the Americans realize just how the British and the loyal Americans felt about the subversive activities of that rebel George Washington!

PATRICK JEHU

London

Ultimate Enlightenment

Sir: An excellent analytical Essay on Race and Ability [Sept. 29]. Still, I doubt such objective reports will quiet the racial chaos in the U.S. What seems to be needed is an individual emotional experience, of the sort readily attainable by those of us serving in Viet Nam. When you witness both black and white Americans shed their blood for a common American goal, all the old filtering prisms flow away with that blood, and the sounds of "Nigger," "Whitney," "Black Power," and "White Supremacy"

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cy," which echo from the States seem absurdly meaningless. A black American, offering his life beside you on a battlefield, is an ultimate enlightenment which emotionally shatters the white American's sensitivity concerning integration and intermarriage. After all, inter-dying is a much more profound interaction.

(SP4) ROBERT A. CHAMBERS
U.S.A.

A.P.O. San Francisco

Sir: The statements on skull capacity are apt to be misinterpreted. Skull capacity (and hence brain size) is not to be correlated with intelligence, once the human (*Homo sapiens*) stage is reached. Anatole France, for example, had a quite small brain—approximately 1,200 cc., while the general average for the European male is given at about 1,450 cc. Moreover, your statement that Negro skull capacity runs about 50 cc. below that of whites ignores the fact that there is about 76% overlap in brain sizes of Negroes and whites.

DOROTHY L. KEUR

McLeod, Mont.

Pierre, Not Dior

Sir: In your story on Iran [Oct. 6], you state that for the coronation ceremony, the Empress Farah will wear a gown "on which 22 couturiers from the house of Dior have been working for four months." The gown is being created by Iranians under the direction of Monsieur Pierre, who has lived in Iran for more than 20 years and is a citizen of the country.

PARVIZ RAEIN

Teheran

And Now Here's Jack!

Sir: In your article on "Variety Shows" [Oct. 13], Ed Sullivan referred to me as a "thoroughly no good son of a bitch." Mr. Sullivan always had trouble with the truth and I have a birth certificate to prove him false again. Furthermore, I state as a sworn fact that Ed Sullivan's office has called my agent on at least four or five occasions in the past year to get me to do a television special in cooperation with his company; and are you ready for one of the subjects that he chose for me? The Vatican. I declined.

JACK PAAR

Bronxville, N.Y.

Boilermakers' Boil

Sir: The Purdue-Notre Dame story [Oct. 6] is incredible! Despite the victory, Purdue was mentioned only briefly. No mention was made of Coach Jack Mollenkopf (U.P.I., "Coach of the Week"); no reference was made to Purdue's 1967 Rose Bowl championship; no reference to Dick Marvel (U.P.I., "Midwest Lineman of the Week"); and only in passing were Leroy Keyes (U.P.I., "Midwest Back of the Week") and Mike Phipps (A.P., "Back of the Week") mentioned. Poor Notre Dame!

BEVERLEY STONE

Associate Dean of Women

Purdue University
Lafayette, Ind.

Getting the Old Irish Up

Sir: "Boston for Bostonians?" Then the bigoted Mrs. Hicks [Oct. 6] herself does not belong here, since she is only a cou-

ple of generations removed from the Southerns who were told by employers that "no Irish need apply." It is a curious quirk in human social behavior that the last downtrodden minority frequently forgets its past troubles to discriminate against the new scapegoat.

MADELEINE R. COUSINEAU

Boston

4-Square

Sir: I protest your unfortunate choice of words in the article "Hippies" [Sept. 8], in which you refer to "Fr'alich and three other hippie 4-H types." 4-H stands for high ideals and should in no way be allied with that class of youth called "hippies." The 4-H youth—like the hippies—have a "love of dirt," but the 4-H Clubs love the soil and work for the preservation of our natural resources. They, too, plant "for dreams," but the dreams of rich fulfillment in green acres for their children and their children's children.

PHYLIS C. SLATTERY

Corresponding Secretary
Michigan Division

Woman's National Farm and Garden Assn.
Northville, Michigan

The Millennium

Sir: I'm afraid it's not according to Hoyle that an author should send to a reviewer of his book anything but an angry rebuttal. Nevertheless, I can't help expressing my appreciation, and that of my wife and co-author, for your generous, perceptive and brilliant appraisal of *Rousseau and Revolution* [Oct. 6].

WILL DURANT

Los Angeles

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Tunis Hilton: Visit the ruins of ancient Carthage. Tour the towering Great Mosque. Bargain hunt in the Tunis street bazaars. Then, come home to the only hotel with a swimming pool and a nearby private beach for a nice cool dip.

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If you've ever run out of money away from home you know what an unfriendly world we live in.

A man can be a vice president of his company, a pillar of his community, a regular churchgoer. But let him once need a few cents to pay for lunch or a phone call and suddenly he's a deadbeat, a bum.

To save our customers from becoming objects of public contempt, Hertz has devised a discreet little way of allowing a man to bum with dignity.

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we'll lend you \$10 cash and tack it onto your rental.

Now this is not to say that Hertz, the rent a car company, has decided to become Hertz, the loan company.

Our main purpose in life is still to make absolutely sure you get a nice new Ford that runs like a nice new Ford is supposed to run.

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Hertz

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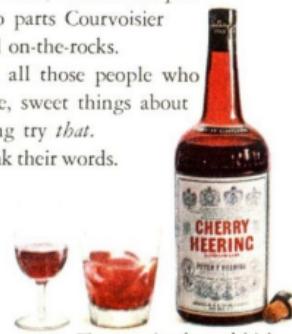
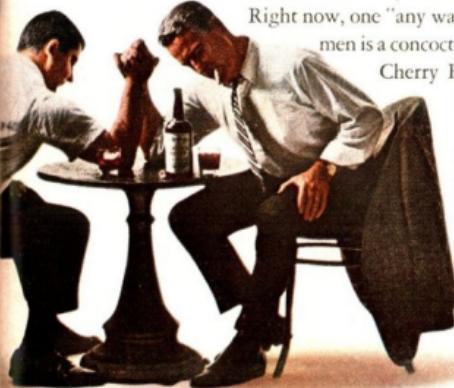
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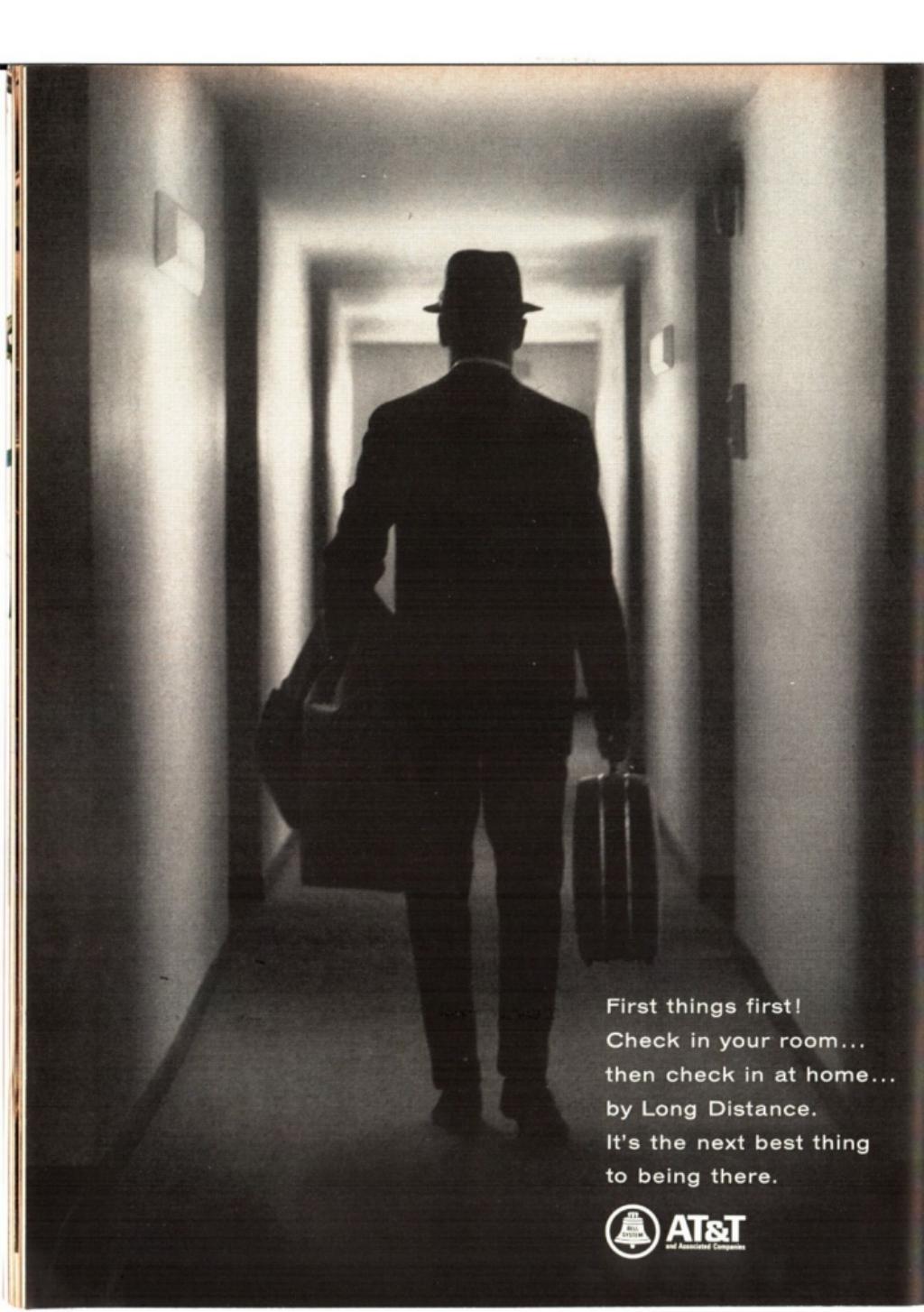
It's not just their friendly greeting as you come aboard...or the way they serve your meal...or keep your children entertained. Much more important is how they do their jobs—with an almost patriotic pride.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 20, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 16

THE NATION

THE ADMINISTRATION Counterattack

"The Bible says 'Thou shalt grope at noonday, as the blind gropeth in darkness.' One feels occasionally that for us it is that kind of noonday." Thus, in a speech at the University of North Carolina last week, John Gardner, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, articulated the Administration's concern at the rancorous tone that is now so pervasive in America. "More and more," said Gardner, "hostility and venom are the hallmarks of any conversation on the affairs of the nation. Today, all seem caught up in mutual recriminations—Negro and white, rich and poor, conservative and liberal, hawk and dove, labor and management, North and South, young and old."

The times, said Gardner, call for cohesion. "Today, the first duty of responsible citizens is to bind together rather than tear apart. The fissures in our society are already dangerously deep." It was a ringing cry for unity from a wise administrator who is all too infrequently heard from.

Bluff & Tough. Gardner was referring to every facet of American life, from the turbulent cities through the quarrelsome Congress to the Viet Nam war, which sparks most of the venom and hostility in the American air. Gardner is not the only one who is bothered. New York's Senator Jacob Javits

called on President Johnson to deliver an "extraordinary State of the Union message" to resolve American doubts and dissent over the war. But the President seems to prefer a different tactic. He is deploying his most influential aides in a verbal counterattack.

Dean Rusk, for example, made no effort to restrain his anger in an unprecedented 55-minute news conference that lashed out at the President's critics. "If any who would be our adversary," warned the Secretary of State, "should suppose that our treaties are a bluff, or will be abandoned if the going gets tough, the result could be catastrophe for all mankind." Bluntly disagreeing with doubters, Rusk said that abandoning Saigon would put the U.S. in "mortal danger."

Acid & Acrimony. Every bit as aggressive as Rusk, Vice President Hubert Humphrey ranged from Minnesota to California and back to Washington, where he decried the "notes of acrimony, the acid quality heard today on our objectives." He said that "the war would be shortened considerably if Americans showed their sense of purpose." House Speaker John McCormack warned as well that further divisiveness over Viet Nam would only prolong the war. If he were guilty of giving such comfort, McCormack added, "my conscience would disturb me the rest of my life."

Senate Majority Leader Mike Mans-

field, a sometime critic of the war, also rallied behind the President. He urged his colleagues to forget the simplistic labels of "hawk" and "dove," and tried to draw some of the fire away from L.B.J. by denouncing the United Nations, which Mansfield charged, was "dodging its responsibility" to bring "this disastrous, this dirty, this brutal war to an end."

Gaining Sustenance. Behind all the angry words, the most thoughtful discussion last week concerned the possibility of a bombing pause (TIME, Oct. 6). Insistence on a halt in attacks on the North came from all quarters. Massachusetts' Republican Senator Edward Brooke, who only seven months ago came to the support of the bombing, switched his ground to demand a halt to heed "the call of the nations of the world." In the press, LIFE magazine suggested that a pause might pay off.

The argument for such a pause gained some sustenance from Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. When he appeared before the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee last August, he was anxious to cool the urge for escalation that had been stirred by earlier testimony from the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The brass had argued that without air strikes against North Viet Nam, the U.S. would have needed 800,000 men and \$75 billion more to keep even in the war. McNamara insisted that even though the bombing was exacting a

EDDIE DOOLIN



GARDNER AT CHAPEL HILL, N.C.



RUSK AT NEWS CONFERENCE

Behind all the angry words, thoughtful discussion about a pause.



McNAMARA BEFORE THE SENATE

high price, it was not cutting the southward flow of men and supplies from Hanoi. "I am simply saying," he told the Senators, "that I have seen no evidence of any kind . . . that an accelerated campaign of air attacks against the North in the past would have reduced our casualties in the South."

However slim the chances that Hanoi will respond to a bombing pause with meaningful negotiations, the opportunity may soon be offered. South Viet Nam's newly elected President Nguyen Van Thieu said again that he would propose a bombing pause if it would lead to reciprocal talks. And it seems clear that the North Vietnamese are listening—both to him and the current U.S. debate. There even seems to be a remote chance that this will lead to talks sooner rather than later. Hanoi's hard-bitten Defense Minister Giap suggested last week that he is convinced that whoever is elected President in 1968, Lyndon Johnson or his opponent, the war—if it is still going on—is sure to increase in intensity.

THE CONGRESS

The Hearts of the People

Testifying before Senator Edward Kennedy's Judiciary Subcommittee on Refugees and Escapees last week, witness after witness reported on the plight of Vietnamese civilians engulfed by the war. Their point was not that the U.S. ought to end the misery by quitting the fight and get out of Viet Nam. They were all there to argue that the U.S. will lose the war if it does not double its efforts to care for Viet Nam's hordes of refugees and civilian wounded.

A team of doctors sent to Viet Nam by the Agency for International Development reported that less than half of the 100,000 civilians wounded each year ever make it to Viet Nam's 58 "hospitals." Those who do generally wind up sleeping on corridor floors, or two or three to a bed. The hospitals are no better than sheds, rife with epidemics. Water and electricity are limited to a few hours a day. Some of the injured wait up to a year for surgery. Through neglect, there are almost twice as many amputees among South Vietnamese civilians as there were among American soldiers in World War II.

Limping Along. Fordham Dean James R. Dampson, who led an AID-sponsored month-long tour of refugee centers, estimated that the war has left nearly 2,000,000 South Vietnamese homeless. Some are North Vietnamese looking for a better life in the South. Many lowland peasants and mountain people flee their villages to escape Viet Cong control or because they are in the path of combat operations. Others are forced to move from battle areas by the government. Nearly half are children. Plowing into AID-staffed centers at the rate of 38,000 a month, the refugees are turning to gang warfare and prostitution. A General Accounting Office report released at the hearings

claimed that only half the homeless are getting the 14 ounces of rice and the 5¢ a day that the Vietnamese government should be doing out. Less than a quarter of some refugees receive their \$42 resettlement allowance and six-month rice supply.

AID's operation, limping along with its staff at two-thirds strength, provided dwellings for only 4,347 of 28,000 newly created refugee families last year. The U.S. budget for refugees has crept up to \$35.6 million in fiscal 1968, an annual figure that is about half the daily U.S. expenditure on the war. Noting that the medical budget dropped from \$37 million to \$34 million this year, Kennedy said: "It's shocking to me,



CIVILIAN REFUGEES IN VIET NAM
Sometimes a year's wait for surgery.

this complete lack of any kind of priority for the human problems."

New Tactics. During the past year, Kennedy held closed hearings on civilian casualties and privately prodded the Administration to improve conditions. With few tangible results to show beyond building starts on three civilian hospitals, Kennedy has now switched tactics. He is calling public hearings and saying that the war cannot be won without more humane treatment of civilians.

Dr. John Knowles, director general of Massachusetts General Hospital and spokesman for AID's medical team, recommended doubling the U.S. medical budget, bringing in more U.S. surgeons, training more Vietnamese doctors and starting an immunization program. For the refugees, witnesses urged a massive U.S. social-welfare program staffed by an augmented AID team. Said Dampson: "If we don't give high priority to the needs of the people, I can see only real chaos and real suffering and losing the hearts and minds of the people."

Hayden's Rough Rider

In the 55 years that he has represented Arizona on Capitol Hill, Carl Hayden, 90, has been nothing if not patient. For the past two decades, Hayden has been polishing legislation to authorize a Central Arizona Project, a vast network of dams and waterways to irrigate his arid state. In deference to his seniority and his power as chairman of the Appropriations Committee, the Senate has passed his Arizona bills three times—most recently last August when, despite their economizing mood, his colleagues approved a \$1.2 billion appropriation for the project, along with five other Colorado River plans.

But Hayden's dream program has always died in committee on the other side of the Hill. Colorado's Wayne Aspinall, chairman of the House Interior Committee, and a crusty young whip-snarper of 71, has effectively blocked the bill because his state—along with six others—shares the source of Arizona's water: the Colorado River. Unless Colorado's share of the water was guaranteed Aspinall was not about to let any of Hayden's proposals leak out of his committee. After Hayden's latest bill was passed in the Senate, Aspinall simply ignored it, just as he had promised he would. When his committee finished its other business at the end of August, he went home to Colorado.

"**It Amounts to Blackmail.**" But this time Carl Hayden was apparently a mite impatient. Once Aspinall was out of town, Hayden blandly asked his colleagues on the Appropriations Committee if they saw anything wrong with attaching the Central Arizona Project as a rider to the \$4.7 billion public-works bill—the "pork barrel" package on its way to the Senate floor. Of course not, said the committee.

Then Hayden sat placidly back and waited. Aspinall got word of what had happened and hotfooted it back to Washington. How could the House accept the Central Arizona Project as part of the public-works bill? he asked. The House was supposed to be trying to cut expenditures. But then, how could Congressmen vote down a bill containing all those pork-barrel projects so dear to their hearts? If Hayden's Arizona rider stayed on the bill, the Congress could be caught up in a ruckus that might last until Christmas. Most people would probably blame Aspinall.

Caught in a trap, Aspinall backed down. "It amounts to blackmail," he grumbled, as he allowed that if Hayden would withdraw his rider and stick with the Central Arizona Project bill as passed by the Senate, Aspinall's committee would take it up first thing next session. "This is all I ever wanted," responded Hayden with a grin.

The old man, who shuffles haltingly around the Capitol with the aid of a mahogany cane, announced that he is feeling so politically spry he may well run against Barry Goldwater next year for an eighth term in the Senate.



REPUBLICANS

Anchors Aweigh

(See Cover)

Aboard the S.S. *Independence* this week in Manhattan, a bulwark-bulging guest list checked in for a voyage into 1968. As the Governors of 42 American states—21 Democrats, 21 Republicans—and 700 aides and journalists sailed off on an eight-day cruise to the Virgin Islands, it was not the wide blue Caribbean that absorbed their attention but the political waves back home that may well sweep a Republican President into the White House next year.

With the notable exceptions of Richard Nixon and Illinois' Senator Charles Percy, the leading contenders for the G.O.P. nomination were all ticketed for the trip—New York's Nelson Rockefeller, Michigan's George Romney and California's Ronald Reagan. And there were enough potential vice-presidential candidates to create a traffic jam on the promenade deck. Among them: Massachusetts' John Volpe, Rhode Island's John Chafee, Ohio's James Rhodes, Wisconsin's Warren Knowles, Colorado's John Love, New Mexico's David Cargo, Washington's Daniel Evans, even Nelson's younger brother, Arkansas' Winthrop Rockefeller.

One of the Fellas. With the G.O.P. convention less than ten months away, the field is more crowded with presidential contenders than at any comparable time in a generation. Not since 1940, when 13 men won votes on the first ballot and Wendell Willkie only managed to nail down the nomination on the sixth, have Republicans been confronted with so wide open a race. Moreover, when the convention comes to order in Miami Beach on Aug. 5, the field may well remain as crowded as it is right now. The likelihood then is for a "brokered" convention—one in which nobody has enough strength to win until after protracted private horse trading. "Nobody is so far ahead that he can't be beaten," said a Republican state chairman from New England. Nor is anybody so far behind that he can't catch up—unless it is George Romney.

"Romney's dead," says Indiana's Republican state treasurer, John Snyder. "The 'brainwash' remark didn't make all that much difference. People were already looking for a reason to turn away." Most other G.O.P. strategists agree. From a commanding lead in the polls right after his impressive re-election victory in 1966, Michigan's Gov-

ernor has reached a nadir; he is unlikely even to control the entire delegation from his own state. But Romney has been counted out before, only to stage a winning campaign. He seems determined to do so again in the primaries, and is already taking steps to soften the stiff, sanctimonious impression that he too often conveys. "He's sure trying to be one of the fellas," says an aide. "He's even using a lot more hells and damns than he used to." Even so, the newsmen who cover Romney still refer to him as "Super Square."

Psychological Influence. With Romney in at least partial eclipse, all attention now is focused on the two men who have most insistently denied interest in running—Rockefeller and Reagan. According to the latest Gallup poll, a ticket with Rocky for President and Reagan in the second spot would swamp Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey, 57% to 43%. The polls, of course, could change drastically by midsummer. As Psephologist Richard Scammon notes, in early 1964 "the polls were jumping all over the place between Lodge and Rockefeller. It's the same sort of volatile situation now."

Nonetheless, there is some question whether the G.O.P.'s conservatives can ever bring themselves to condone Rockefeller's refusal to back Barry Goldwater in 1964. Unless they do, the G.O.P.'s "dream ticket," which would

bind up the old wounds, give the party strength in the South and the Northeast, and all but certainly capture the two essential states, New York and California, may never materialize.

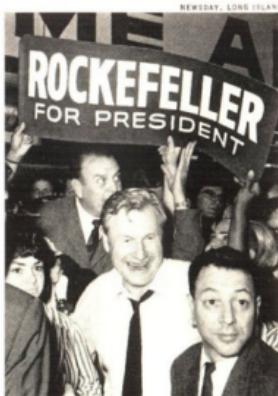
Nixon, who remains very much in contention, could build up an irresistible momentum by winning all four primaries where he will have serious competition. But New Hampshire is a state where, as a Republican who has campaigned there says, "they vote on whims." Wisconsin and Nebraska could turn into bloody battlegrounds if Reagan's supporters make a determined bid. Oregon, the fourth pivotal primary, could see the belated entrance of Rockefeller, and top G.O.P. officials think that he can beat everybody there, as he did in 1964.

The frantic publicity surrounding the primaries often makes them seem disproportionately potent. Actually, the contested primaries will account for no more than 150 of the 1,333 delegate votes, and even if Nixon did win them all, he might still be denied the nomination—as was Democrat Estes Kefauver after winning seven primaries in 1956. Their chief influence, in fact, is psychological, and their major effect on the G.O.P. nomination is likely to be negative.

Of the five principal contenders, says Nixon, "two will probably fall by the wayside in the primaries." The two men most heavily committed to the primary route, and the likeliest casualties, are Romney and Nixon himself. That would leave Rockefeller, Reagan—and Percy. The Chicagoan professes to be uninterested, but is plainly ready and willing to step right up if his name is called—either for first or second place on the ticket.

Crowded Balcony. Behind Percy is a host of others whose names keep cropping up: Governors Claude Kirk of Florida, Raymond Shafer of Pennsylvania and Tom McCall of Oregon, who were unable to attend the floating convention; Senators Edward Brooke of Massachusetts, Clifford Case of New Jersey, Thruston Morton of Kentucky, John Tower of Texas, Peter Dominick of Colorado, Mark Hatfield of Oregon and Thomas Kuchel of California; House Minority Leader Gerald Ford of Michigan; and New York's Mayor John Lindsay, who also lacked the rank to get aboard the *Independence* but will be conveniently vacationing in the Virgin Islands this week anyway.

Any of them could conceivably wind



ROCKY AT LONG ISLAND RALLY
More than a Mitty-esque dream.



REAGAN READING MAIL
Tie to bind the wounds.

up on a G.O.P. ticket. "If there's a convention deadlock," says Goldwater, "well, it depends on who is sitting in the balcony, as Willkie was." So crowded is the balcony that one New England politician, asked to suggest a few tickets, rattled off 34 in a matter of seconds. There are so many possible permutations that one Republican Governor declares: "Every time I dream of it, I wake up screaming." Some pairings are merely whimsical: the Brotherhood Ticket of Rockefeller and Rockefeller, whose slogan could be MAKE MONEY, NOT WAR, or the Sunshine Ticket of Reagan and Kirk. Some are quite serious: Nixon and Percy, for example; indeed, some Democrats have already anticipated that combo and dubbed it MR. MEAN & MR. CLEAN. The possibilities for button makers and punsters are limitless. Romney? How about DIZZ DID IT? Morton? Easy—THE SALT OF THE EARTH. Hatfield? THE REAL MCCOY. The Governor of Colorado? ALL FOR LOVE. Percy? MERCY! Or Ford? LORD! Retired Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay, an all-out hawk who has announced his interest in running, could campaign under the banner, BOMBS AWAY WITH CURT LEAMY.

A.B.J. Despite the plethora of potential candidates, one of the five current leading contenders is almost certain to top the ticket. The reason: "We want a winner, and that means a name candidate," says former Kansas Republican Vice Chairman Mrs. Kathleen Fletcher. Goldwater had to scramble for the nomination in 1964, but the fight might have been far more ferocious had more Republicans felt that victory was possible. Now, Johnson seems highly vulnerable—not necessarily to Mickey Mouse, as Lindsay suggested two weeks ago, but to a skillful, energetic and widely attractive candidate.

Gallup's most recent sampling shows that only 38% of the nation likes the

way L.B.J. is handling the presidency—an alltime low for him and a long way from the 80% approval he enjoyed in January 1964. Viet Nam is his foremost problem, and barring either a spectacular military triumph or successful negotiations with Hanoi, a G.O.P. candidate might well argue, à la Eisenhower, that a new Administration is needed to end an unpopular war. The looming threat of inflation—"profitless prosperity" as Washington's Governor Evans calls it—is another bugaboo. The decaying cities and the exploding ghettos could develop into the biggest issue of all. Taken together, the problems are helping to build a formidable "anti" vote—the kind that helped Ike to defeat Adlai Stevenson, and Franklin Roosevelt to unseat Herbert Hoover.

Indeed, Dump-Johnson movements are proliferating, and stickers reading A.B.J. (for Anyone But Johnson) have begun appearing on auto bumpers in Maine. Says Nixon: "Johnson will have it tough in '68. We had to run against his promises in 1964. Now we can run against his performance."

Even so, Johnson may prove no easier to unhouse in 1968 than Harry Truman was 20 years earlier when threatened by an overconfident G.O.P. Like Truman, Johnson faces flank attacks from two sides, the radical New Leftists and the segregationist supporters of former Alabama Governor George Wallace. Like Truman, also, he is getting no help from the 50,000-member Americans for Democratic Action, which is noisily critical of his Viet Nam policy. But the A.D.A. came around and backed Truman after he was nominated in 1948, and nobody would be surprised if it did the same thing for L.B.J. After all, during its convention in Washington last month, the A.D.A.'s national board refused by a 6-to-1 margin to come out against him. As Chairman J. Kenneth Galbraith pointed out, the organization has a "longstanding commitment to political realities."

So do most other Democrats. Whatever their feelings about the war, they are beginning to line up behind Johnson for 1968. Even an outspoken Administration critic as Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse says he would rather "take my chances" with L.B.J. than back a Republican. Says Texas Congressman Jake Pickle, who holds Lyndon's old seat in the House: "We believe in unity, even if we have to fight for it." Also in Johnson's favor, as California Pollster Mervin Field notes, is the fact that he "has it in his power to change the rules of the game overnight. He can change his stand on Viet Nam, he can allocate funds to the poor, and put pressure on the Federal Reserve to stimulate the economy."

Seismic Upheaval. Short of death or disablement, about the only thing that could keep Johnson from renomination in Chicago would be a Truman-esque decision to retire. That decision, in Truman's case, came only after the

popularity rating of his scandal-plagued Administration had sunk to a bare 23% in November 1951 and Kefauver defeated him in New Hampshire the following spring. Whether Johnson will win re-election if he runs is another question. Harry Truman, earthy and at times almost embarrassingly open in showing his feelings, made an appealing underdog in 1948. Johnson, by contrast, is just as earthy but all too plainly inclined to hold his cards close to his vest—or up on his sleeve—and attracts no sympathy votes.

Moreover, the entire U.S. electorate is in the midst of a seismic upheaval that has left politicians of both parties unsure of their footing. An upsurge in registered Negro voters is changing equations in the South and the major cities. Fully 46% of the nation's 19 million union members now earn between \$7,500 and \$15,000 a year and are more uncommitted than ever. "We've got to get the guy who goes home and has a bottle of beer and checks the TV schedule," says one astute Democrat. The G.O.P. is after the same fellow.

Even so, the Republicans also have some serious problems. According to Gallup, the G.O.P. is now outnumbered by independents. The latest reckoning gives the Democrats 42% of the electorate, independents 31%, Republicans 27%. The implications for the party are clear: to win an election, it not only has to win over a large batch of independents but siphon off millions of votes from the Democrats as well.

A growing number of Republican officials—and voters, judging from the polls—believe that the surest way to accomplish that in 1968 would be with a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket. The idea sets some normally phlegmatic party regulars to daydreaming: here is Rocky,

RALPH CRANE—LIFE



NIXON ON BONN VISIT
Experience in the Series . . .

launching his campaign from the steps of a Harlem tenement and blazing a triumphant trail through the nation's big cities; there is Reagan, wowing the farmers at the plowing contest in Fargo, N. Dak., and, as he stumps through the cornfields of the Midwest and the canebrakes of the South, leaving in his wake legions of charmed citizens, particularly women, who will have 62 million votes next year—4,000,000 more than U.S. men. Rockefeller, in particular, could capture new bases of support for the party among urban Negroes, workers and intellectuals.

While an R. & R. ticket is more than a Mitty-esque dream, it has some towering obstacles to hurdle. The least of them is the fact that both men are on their second marriages. "We've never had a candidate who was divorced," says North Carolina Republican Marcus Hickman, chairman of Mecklenburg County. "This would give us two."

Most & Least. If Rocky is to win the top spot, 1) Nixon and Romney would have to put one another in the primaries, 2) bandwagons for Reagan and Percy would have to be derailed before they got rolling, 3) the moderate Governors would have to coalesce behind their colleague from New York, and 4) Rocky, in all likelihood, would have to strike a deal with the conservatives in advance by guaranteeing the second spot to Reagan.

Even that might not win them over. Rockefeller has perhaps the greatest assets and the greatest liabilities of any man in the G.O.P. The assets make him the party's most electable candidate; the liabilities make him its least nominable contender. Chief among the latter is the right wing's almost pathological hatred of Rocky—a feeling that Goldwater is unlikely to detoxify. "He's failed to support Republican candi-

dates," says Barry. "It's kind of hard to forget these things." Particularly in Dixie. "I don't think Texans would vote for Rockefeller," says Republican State Committeeman Albert Fay, "if Jesus Christ were his running mate." They just might if Ronald Reagan were. Indeed, signs of grudging support for an R. & R. ticket are beginning to sprout even in the South's stony soil.

To Artful? Could the two men share a ticket without tearing it to bits? Some Republicans doubt it; others are concerned that the pairing would strike voters as a little too artful. Actually, while the two are far apart in their political philosophies, they are by no means incompatible. "Keep in mind that Nelson is not of the liberal wing of the party," says New York's Senator Jacob Javits, who decidedly is. "He is more of a moderate Republican than he is a liberal. He could accept Reagan ideologically." Rockefeller himself cautioned friends to take the Californian seriously after his 1,000,000-vote victory last year. "When he gets engaged with the realities of being a Governor," said Rocky, "you'll find he is no extremist." A Rocky-Reagan ticket, moreover, would pull both men more toward the G.O.P.'s ideological center.

By and large, Reagan has borne out Rockefeller's prediction. "I campaigned in the belief that the people are the best custodians of their own affairs," Reagan said last week on William F. Buckley's TV show, *Firing Line*. But he has learned quickly that it is not easy for the state to return custody of many affairs. As a result, he was forced to levy the biggest one-shot tax increase in the history of any state (\$933 million) in order to balance the biggest state budget ever (\$5.09 billion).

Both men would like to shift as much power—and tax money—as possible from Washington back to the states and localities. The difference is that Reagan thinks that decentralization is altogether more feasible than does Rocky, who has had nine years as Governor in which to learn. During his tenure, Rockefeller has increased aid to secondary and elementary schools by 170%, tripled the size of the state university system, inaugurated a \$1 billion program to end water pollution, pushed through a \$1.50 minimum wage, and proposed a \$2.5 billion program to modernize mass transportation. Though he was not entirely satisfied with the state's new constitution (see THE LAW), he endorsed it last week, a move that aligned the Governor with Bobby Kennedy and against practically everybody else, including other G.O.P. leaders, the Liberal Party and the Conservative Party.

On Viet Nam, Rockefeller has shrewdly refused to stake out an explicit position. All along, he has expressed his support of the President but has never allowed himself to get involved in a debate on specific features of his policy. "I just don't have enough information to make a judgment on a thing which has to do with military tac-



ROMNEY & MASSACHUSETTS' VOLPE

But how does Duz do it?

ties," he explains. When reports circulated recently that he was shifting to an anti-Johnson stance, he declared: "The President needs the support of the American people in the quest for an honorable peace." Rocky has thus hewed precisely to the course that Scammon, mixing metaphors, thinks Republican candidates should follow: "They should sit still, and if there is this wave of discontent, let the apple fall into their laps." Reagan, by contrast, is outspokenly in favor of an intensification of the U.S. war effort.

For the Course. Both men, of course, protest that they are not candidates. Last week Rockefeller wrote to groups in New Hampshire and New York asking them to end their efforts to draft him lest they prove "divisive and destructive" to the party. "I just don't have the ambition or the need or inner drive—or whatever the word is—to get in again," he has said. But it was once said of Thomas E. Dewey that "the only cure for presidentialitis is embalming fluid," and Rocky has been waging a non-campaign that will leave him in a strong position if Romney's bid fails. Nelson did not appear conspicuously unhappy when supporters unfurled a Rocky-for-President banner during a G.O.P. meeting in Long Island last week. Nor does Reagan's professed non-candidacy jibe with his heavy speaking schedule in key primary states and his decision to become California's favorite son. "If the Republican Party came beating on my door," he admits, "I wouldn't say, 'Get lost, fellows.'"

As for the vice-presidency, Reagan insists that the governorship "offers a greater opportunity" to him "than there is in that other office." However, his protestations leave many professional observers unconvinced. "That's par for the course," chortled an elderly party in a Washington steam bath last week. That comment came from white-thatched Earl Warren, now Supreme

WALTER DENNETT



PERCY IN WASHINGTON OFFICE
... and credentials all around.



WASHINGTON'S EVANS & FAMILY
Between one Washington and the other.

Court Chief Justice, who, as Governor of California in 1948, gave up his dreams of running for President and accepted second spot on a ticket headed by New Yorker Tom Dewey.

Undoubtedly, Reagan's denial of interest in the vice-presidency is reinforced by his belief that he can win the top spot. His delirious reception in South Carolina two weeks ago, the apparent readiness of Southern Republicans to jilt faithful old Dick Nixon if the charismatic Californian will only whistle, and his high popularity back home support that conviction. So do his conservative friends, who think a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket would be just fine—the other way around.

Reagan at the top of the ticket becomes more of a possibility when it is realized that the South and West will have more votes than the Midwest and the Northeast at Miami Beach (682 to 634). But he would have drawbacks. Said a former Goldwater stalwart in New Hampshire: "Reagan might be nice, but he will have a big liability from the nut faction—they'll all attach themselves to him and hurt his image. Unless we win over the independent, we'll be in trouble again."

In the cities and suburbs, Reagan would undoubtedly command a strong following among the lower middle-class white voter who, as Seaman notes, "doesn't want a wave maker. This is the virtue of Reagan. He'll stand firm against hippies and blood for the Viet Cong. He'll protect you against dirty new things you don't like such as four-letter words and colored people moving into the neighborhood." But his appeal to independents and middle-class Democrats would be limited.

Personality Issue. In any case, Nixon is still the man to beat at the convention. In a poll taken last spring, G.O.P.

county chairmen overwhelmingly endorsed him, 1,227 votes to 341 for Romney, 233 for Reagan, 119 for Percy and 67 for Rockefeller. He is the favorite of grass-roots party workers, and even those who concede that he might not be the ideal standard bearer say nonetheless that they will vote for him in Miami Beach in deference to his experience and unflagging service. Nixon himself rejects the idea that any man should get the nomination in payment for his party labors, insists that it should go to the strongest candidate. And who might that be? Says Nixon: "In a World Series game, they often call on the seasoned hitter whose recent batting average isn't so good, but who is reliable in a pinch. The next President must have that same judgment, coolness and poise. It can't be his first World Series."

All the same, Nixon may have struck out too many times: his defeat in 1960 and in the 1962 California gubernatorial race have embossed him with a "can't win" image that he may never fully erase. He has mellowed considerably, is less the coiled spring of past campaigns. But enough voters may remember him as the 1960 Nixon ("Would you buy a used car from this man?") to neutralize the personality issue. With a less abrasive candidate, the G.O.P. could point out to voters that Lyndon Johnson might also have trouble selling used cars.

Centrist Choice. Even so, many Republicans can see Nixon gathering strength in the primaries, collecting additional votes in the South and Southwest and arriving at Miami Beach with more than the required 667 votes. Or they can imagine Rockefeller and Reagan deadlocking the convention and finally accepting Nixon as a compromise "centrist" choice. Should all three of them be eliminated, as well as Romney, Percy would be waiting.

Percy—"Chuckie Goodboy" to his detractors and too much the Boy Scout even to some friends—is almost everybody's choice for the second spot, closely followed by Reagan. His principal non-admirer is Nelson Rockefeller, not only for ideological reasons (the two are too close in their philosophies), but for personal ones as well. When Rocky visited the Rockford fair in Illinois in 1964, Percy, then in the midst of his losing gubernatorial bid, refused to appear with him. The reason for the snub, presumably, was that Percy was afraid of being identified with a man whose recent divorce and remarriage had punctured his appeal to the distaff voter.

Percy's credentials are impressive: a self-made millionaire businessman, a liberal who nonetheless would not have what one Republican calls "that hate bloc" against him, mildly dovish on Viet Nam (but with enough hedges to landscape a steeplechase course), and demonstrably concerned with the sickness of the cities. But his lack of experience could hurt him if he wanted to be at the top of the ticket.



NEW YORK'S LINDSAY ON HARLEM TOUR
Facing among the ungovernable.

Trump Card. Percy's time is more likely to come in 1972 than next year. Another attractive young Republican in much the same situation is Lindsay, also mentioned for both spots. Lindsay squelches such talk and categorically refuses to consider a national campaign—on anybody's ticket. That, after all, is only sensible. He has been mayor for less than 22 months, needs more time to prove his worth—and to win re-election in 1969—before he can raise his sights. In 1970, he could run for Senator or Governor, whichever post that Bobby Kennedy is not seeking. The two may well clash some day, and it would be foolish for either to risk a fatal collision in New York.

If Lindsay can maintain the pace and record he has set so far in "ungovernable" Gotham, he may well prove a formidable opponent by 1972 or 1976 for Bobby or any other Democrat. He is a dove on Viet Nam, but maintains: "I do not believe, and never have, that the U.S. should unilaterally withdraw from Viet Nam tomorrow." His intimacy with the urban crisis is his trump card for the future, since that is likely to be the No. 1 U.S. domestic problem for generations.

Little Man's Ticket. When Lindsay's bid for the presidency moves forward—and there are many who consider it inevitable, despite his lack of a substantial power base—he may find an ideal running mate on the opposite end of the continent. Washington's Governor Daniel Evans, 42 this week, has already been in office three years, and is frequently mentioned as a vice-presidential possibility for 1968. Like the others, he dismisses such speculation. "If I had to make my choice between the two Washingtons," he says, "I would select Washington State any time."

Nonetheless, Evans may well be des-

tined for the other Washington. A civil engineer who, appropriately, keeps a slide rule on his desk at the capitol in Olympia, he can point at a 12% rise in state personal income and a budget surplus of \$115 million where a \$32 million deficit existed three years ago. When he talks of "the involvement of individuals," the need for "a mechanism for getting together those who need help and those who want to help," he reminds listeners of Health, Education and Welfare Secretary John Gardner.

While Lindsay and Evans spurn the vice-presidency now, there are others who court it openly. "Here I am," says Florida's Governor Kirk, "from a Texas family, born in California, Governor of Florida. When you stop to think about it—which I never do—that's 176 convention delegates for openers." Texas' Senator John Tower, 42, will go to the convention as a favorite son, figures his record of what he calls "progressive conservatism" makes him an ideal second man on almost any ticket. Wags suggest that a combination of Percy (5 ft. 8 in.) and Tower (5 ft. 5 in.) would be the perfectly Lilliputian event; a Little Man's Ticket.

Filling a Vacuum. For the G.O.P., 1968 may represent the best opportunity in years—but the party has earned a reputation for booting such opportunities away. The late Sam Rayburn once said: "Just leave the Republicans alone and they'll manage to screw it up every time." As *Esquire* magazine noted this month: "The Republican Party could probably beat Lyndon B. Johnson in 1968 if it did not have to run a candidate against him." The more likely it seems that Lyndon Johnson can be defeated, the more tempted the G.O.P. may be to blow its chances by putting up a candidate who is acceptable to the party pros rather than to the electorate.

One complication is that 15 men, controlling 666 votes (one short of the needed 667), will be going to the convention as favorite sons. That will make

it difficult, though not impossible, for any candidate to stitch together a majority before the first gavel sounds, as Goldwater did. Nixon or Reagan could do it only by forging a solid block in the South and West, which is improbable. The moderates can prevail, but only by showing far greater cohesion and determination than they did in 1964. "We have learned from sad experience," says Rhode Island Governor Chafee, "that when most of us remain passive, the vacuum is filled by those who do not represent what we and our party historically believe."

Some moderates fear nonetheless that they will be thwarted by what many see as a general drift toward the right in the U.S. One of them recalls the meeting between a group of moderates, including Jarvis, Pennsylvania's Senator Hugh Scott and Henry Cabot Lodge, at a Manhattan restaurant after the 1964 debacle; all agreed that the Republican right wing was washed up. "They were wrong," he said. "Goldwater missed his timing by four years. Why do you imagine Reagan has come on as fast as he has?" His analysis could be correct. But it may also turn out that voters in the suburbs and big cities of the East, Midwest and even parts of the South are less receptive to Reagan's appeal than was California's electorate.

In any event, with traditional electoral patterns changing and once invincible Democratic bastions crumbling, the major population centers are the places where next year's election, and many another to come, will be won or lost. Last year young, energetic, non-doctrinaire Republican candidates won victories from New England to the Pacific Northwest. If the G.O.P. plans realistically to capture the White House in 1968, it can do so only with the same sort of men—and a platform shaped to the needs of an urban nation sorely in need not of new faces alone but also of new ideas and the popular support to translate them into reality.

DEFENSE

Weapons for Present & Future

Even as the nation custom tailors new weapons for the particular problems of war in Viet Nam, armament engineers are busily fashioning others to help deter future conflicts. Last week the Pentagon showed off the latest results of both efforts.

For Viet Nam. The AH-1G Huey-Cobra, a waspish two-man whirlybird with a top speed of 219 m.p.h., can pack a 4,000-round-per-minute machine gun, a grenade launcher and 76 air-to-ground 2.75-in. rockets. Faster and deadlier than any other helicopter in use in Viet Nam, the Cobra is also far safer for pilots. For Viet Cong gunners it is a tough target indeed; it has been slimmed down to a svelte 36 in. (v. 100 in. in the old Huey gunships) by seating the pilot and copilot one behind the other instead of side by side as in most other helicopters. The Cobras saw combat for the first time last week when two of them blasted landing zones with machine guns and rockets in support of a South Vietnamese assault, then destroyed four enemy bunkers and sank 14 guerrilla sampans in another operation. "She's the kind of thing you can fall in love with," said one pilot. "She's lean and mean."

For Battlefields of the Future. The MBT-70 (for Main Battle Tank of the 1970s), a 50-ton monster (approximate cost: \$600,000) jointly designed and built by West Germany and the U.S., is touted to be the ultimate in the next generation of heavy tanks. It can dash 400 miles at a top speed of 42 m.p.h. without refueling (v. 100 miles and 18 m.p.h. by the Panzer IVs of Rommel's famed Afrika Korps). It can cross rivers simply by driving underwater, locate targets in the night with infra-red and starlight viewfinders, and pinpoint their range with a laser beam. Automatic devices have reduced the standard four- and five-man crew to three, and a sophisticated stabilization system



MBT 70 ROLLING



HUEYCOBRA FIRING

So swift and sophisticated; so mean and lean.

keeps a big 152-mm. gun so steady that it can fire artillery shells or guided missiles accurately even as the tank rumbles over potholes.

A hydraulic lift system can completely change the tank's posture. From its top height of 87 in., it can hunker down on its tracks 19 in. to become a less inviting target; it can independently move its front, back or either of its sides to maneuver or to level itself on broken terrain. Its crew sits in air-conditioned comfort beneath a perch with 360° vision. It is at least two years from becoming operational, and it is clearly meant for a different kind of war than Viet Nam: it can withstand contamination from atomic, bacteriological or chemical warfare. Though military men made no mention of it, the tank of the '70s will obviously be able to fire missiles equipped with tactical nuclear warheads.

MISSISSIPPI

Time of Trial

On the evening of June 21, 1964, Civil Rights Workers Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman and James Chaney disappeared shortly after they were released from Neshoba County Jail in Philadelphia, Miss. Six weeks later, their bullet-punctured bodies were found. Not until last week, when 18 Mississippians went on trial in the Meridian courtroom of U.S. District Judge William Harold Cox, 66, did the public learn the Government's version of the young activists' journey to death.

The Next Victims. Though the Justice Department's case, in effect, sought to show that the defendants conspired to kill the civil rights workers, the official charge against them was the relatively minor crime of conspiracy to deprive the slain men of their constitutional rights. Only the state could have brought a murder charge, and it has failed to do so. Nonetheless, if the de-

fendants thought they would get any extra legal break from Judge Cox, a native Mississippian, they soon learned better. While Cox presided firmly and fairly, the prosecution played its trump cards: two paid FBI informers, both former Ku Klux Klansmen, and a chilling eyewitness account of the killings.

Carlton Wallace Miller, 43, a Meridian police sergeant who received \$2,400 from the FBI over a two-year period, testified that the Meridian chapter of the White Knights of the Klan had marked Schwerner for "elimination—the term for murdering someone." To lure Schwerner from Meridian, where he and his wife Rita were operating a Negro community center, said Miller, Klansmen burned down the Mount Zion (Negro) Church at Longdale, outside Philadelphia. Five days later, Schwerner and two companions, Goodman, a white man, and Chaney, a Negro, drove 50 miles to Longdale to inspect the ruins of the church.

Near Philadelphia, the three men were arrested on a speeding charge by Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price, 29. Soon, said James E. Jordan, 41, who received \$8,000 from the FBI and has been living safely in Georgia and Florida since turning informant nearly three years ago, the word went swiftly around Meridian that there were some "civil rights workers locked up and they need their rear ends torn up."

Jordan and seven others, he said, armed themselves and drove to Philadelphia. There they parked by the courthouse where Ethel Glen ("Hop") Barnette, 45, current Democratic nominee for sheriff of Neshoba County and one of the defendants, told them to wait. Two uniformed men in a city police car informed them that the prospective victims had been released. Later they were told by men in a highway patrol car that the victims would be stopped somewhere down the highway by Deputy Sheriff Price, who, along

with Neshoba Sheriff Lawrence Raine, is now on trial.

Severest Sentence. "Price pulled the station wagon over to the side of the road by turning on his red light," said Jordan. "He told the three men to get out and get in his car." They were driven into a deserted area, and Jordan got out to stand guard. "The cars then went on up the road," testified Jordan. "I heard doors slam and loud talk. Then I heard several shots."

According to a confession by one of the defendants, Horace Doyle Barnette, 28, former Meridian salesman now living in Louisiana, Jordan was more than a mere witness: he was one of the killers. Barnette's confession was taken by the FBI five months after the slayings and was admitted in evidence only after all defendants' names had been deleted except Jordan's. "(Blank)" pulled Schwerner out of the car, spun him around and said, "Are you that nigger lover?" Schwerner replied, "I know how you feel." After that, said Barnette in his confession, the killer placed his left hand on Schwerner's shoulder and shot him with a pistol. "Jim Jordan said, 'Save one for me.' He got out of the car and got Chaney out. Jordan stood in the middle of the road and shot him. Jordan said, 'You didn't leave me anything but a nigger, but at least I killed a nigger.'"

The bodies were dumped into the station wagon and driven to a new dam site where the gang hung around until a bulldozer operator arrived to gouge out a burial hole. It was six weeks before the remains were discovered 20 ft. underground. Five bullets were in the three bodies.

By the time the prosecution had concluded its case at week's end, the testimony all pointed to murder. Nevertheless, the most severe sentence the defendants can get—assuming they are convicted—is ten years in prison and a \$5,000 fine.

BILL EPPINGER—LIFE



JORDAN



BURIAL SITE IN DAM NEAR PHILADELPHIA, MISS.

With help from local police, sheriff's deputies and state patrolmen.



BARNETTE



MURDER BASEMENT IN EAST VILLAGE

Lights, color, instant action; and one scene would never be the same.

NEW YORK

Speed Kills

Flanked by a sleazy bar and grill, and a dusty antique-and-junk shop, the tawdry tenement at 169 Avenue B on Manhattan's Lower East Side is typical of the area. Decaying plaster and peeling paint festoon its dark blue hallways, and a flight of creaky wood stairs leads down to an oppressively low-ceilinged cellar that reeks of dog droppings and rancid garbage. A single naked light bulb illuminates the grimy heating pipes, the cockroach-scattered walls, and piles of loose, whitewashed firebricks from the building's boiler. It hardly seems the place for a tryst, yet into that foul tomb last week walked a pair of hippie "love children" intent on the pursuit of passion. Instead they rendezvoused with death.

James Leroy Hutchinson, 21, was a whole bouquet by himself to New York's flower people, a tattooed drifter full of love and laughter who turned on to every stimulant—from simple, undrugged fun to crystallized "speed" (methedrine, a high-powered amphetamine), which he occasionally sold for profit. Hippies called him "Groovy." Linda Rae Fitzpatrick, 18, was the daughter of a Greenwich, Conn., spice merchant, a blonde and dreamy-eyed dropout from Maryland's exclusive Oldfields School. Alienated by whatever obscure forces from her parents—both of whom had previously been divorced—she had traded the security of exurbia for the turned-on squalor of hippie life in the East Village.

Somewhere along the way between Greenwich and the odd end of Greenwich Village, Linda took up with Groovy, who introduced her to the new-

er-never world of drugs. Other hippies sensed that Linda was "not really hip." She had been around only since mid-summer, and they considered her a newcomer, a "paranoid chick" who was frightened by the scene but was desperately trying to adapt. No one may even know the full sequence of sordid events that ended her adaptation, but as police and hippies reconstructed the chain of circumstances that led to the murders of Groovy and Linda, it seemed tragically clear that, as the lapel buttons say, "speed kills."

Super Pep. Groovy and Linda apparently entered the cellar—which often served as a clandestine exchange point for drug sales—late at night. They may have been high on speed at the time, or "dropped" (swallowed) it later, preparatory to making love. Three or four other persons were also in the cellar. Possibly, they were customers of Groovy's; all of them were turned on. Since methedrine is a super-pep drug whose "flash" generates an instant demand for action, it is likely that the onlookers demanded to "make it" with Linda. Groovy tried to defend the girl and was smashed with one of the boiler-wall bricks, his face crushed. Linda was raped four times and bashed with a brick. Their nude bodies, faces upturned, were found on the dark stone floor; their clothes, including Linda's black panties and Groovy's beat-up jacket, were neatly stowed in a corner.

Police later arrested three Negroes: Donald Ramsey, 26, who wears the fez of the Yoruba sect, a Black Nationalist cult, and whose apartment on the fifth floor of the murder building is decorated with Black Power posters; Thomas Dennis, also 26, a pot-smoking wino who hung out on the hippie fringe and



FITZPATRICK FAMILY AT GREENWICH FUNERAL

proclaimed a code of racial violence; and Fred Wright, 31, assistant janitor in the building who lived in a small room just off the cellar, and who was held on "related" charges of raping and robbing another hippie girl just hours before the slayings. Wright was reported to be the key-keeper of the cellar where the bodies were found. Ramsey told investigators that he was "flying" at the time, seeing "lights and colors."

Turned-on Taps. Drug-induced violence is nothing new to the neighborhoods where hippies live. San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury had a pair of unrelated murders in a single week last summer (TIME, Aug. 18), and the phenomenon of murder or suicide committed under the influence of LSD is becoming commonplace. But the deaths of Groovy and Linda carried an added burden of horror. They sent a chill through all of hippiedom. In the East Village, the hippies were convinced that it was time to move. The scene would never be the same. "The chick wasn't anything to us," said one wet-eyed hippie girl. "But Groovy, oh, Groovy. It's like our eyes were gone."

Groovy's closest friend, Galahad, who once ran a communal crash pad (dormitory), muttered about revenge and then, at Groovy's funeral in Pawtucket, R.I., played a turned-on taps on his dead friend's harmonica. In Greenwich, Conn., under a chilly autumn rain, Linda Fitzpatrick was buried, after a simple Episcopal service, in a cemetery not far from the rolling, red-leaved bridle paths of Round Hill Stables, where she used to ride.

From left: Mr. & Mrs. Fitzpatrick & Linda's brother.

IT'S TIME TO CHANGE THE GUARD

*I bled at Bunker Hill and froze at Valley Forge.
I rode with Washington across the icy Delaware.
I am defender of our nation.
Now and forever, I am the Guard.*

—Ballad of the National Guard

THIS glowing view of the militia in wartime was hardly that of General Washington himself. While the Revolution was still raging, he angrily told the Continental Congress that if the colonies had "formed a permanent army in the beginning, which, by the continuance of the same men in service, had been capable of discipline, we never should have had to retreat with a handful of men across the Delaware in 1776, trembling for the fate of America." Throughout history, in victory or defeat, the citizen-soldier has suffered the curses of his generals. The criticism has not always been fair. True, units of militiamen failed on the field of battle time after time in the War of 1812; and in the Civil War, the militia often simply walked away, ignoring the orders of their officers. But there has been heroism as well. In both World War II and the Korean conflict, divisions of the National Guard—the latter-day militia—performed admirably. Peacetime Guardsmen have served loyally to restore order after countless hurricanes, floods, riots and other internal disturbances.

Nevertheless, the record has been sufficiently mixed to keep the Guard the subject of frequent investigation and debate. The latest wave of controversy was touched off by the conduct of Guardsmen in last summer's ghetto nightmares in Newark and Detroit, where their inexperience, ineptitude and lack of equipment served to reinforce the popular image of the "weekend warrior." That image is one of telephone repairmen, drugstore clerks and insurance executives spending Tuesday nights in rumpled khakis clumsily trying to keep in step with the "hup, two, three, four" of a part-time sergeant, an image of portly privates eating cold beans around a campfire for two weeks each summer.

Leaders of the Guard's Washington-based lobby, the National Guard Association, are quick to deny both the accuracy and relevancy of this image; they recently spent \$50,000 on a series of full-page newspaper ads to hail their own importance in time of "flood, fire, war, or riot." The Guard is surely important in numbers: there are 418,500 members of the Army National Guard and 82,700 Air National Guardsmen. By act of Congress, they make up the primary reserve of the U.S. Army and Air Force. Each year, the U.S. Government puts up roughly \$1 billion, about 90% of the Army and Air Guard's total support; combined, the two have control of some \$3.5 billion worth of federal equipment in 2,600 towns and cities.

The critical question at the heart of the controversy is whether the U.S. is getting full value and adequate protection from the material and human resources it is pouring into the Guard.

In the Air & on the Field

The Air Guard has the better opportunity to show its stuff. As a full partner in the U.S. air-defense network, its men operate 43% of the Nike-Hercules missile sites around key cities and maintain 52% of the fighter-interceptor forces that are always on round-the-clock runway alert. For most of these Guardsmen, the basic motivation is clear: they like flying. Many of them are former Air Force men, and quite a few are past or present airline pilots. It would do them an injustice, though, to say that the fun of flying is their only motivation. They can and do at times play an important role in U.S. defense. For one example, Air Guardsmen have been flying some official U.S. passenger and air-freight traffic to Southeast Asia.

For the Army Guardsmen, things are a good deal less glamorous. The most important part of their training is the initial four to six months of duty in an actual Army camp; there they endure the same discipline, walk the same hikes, do the same K.P., learn the same weaponry as new recruits in any regular Army outfit. After that they return to their homes and jobs and begin the dreary ritual—to continue for 5½ years—that has earned them the weekend-warrior label. One night a week or one weekend a month, Guardsmen show up at headquarters for "drill," which can mean listening to a lecture on gas-mask discipline, practicing bayonet jabs at a straw-filled dummy, assembling weapons, or rehearsing proper posture for parade rest. How much a man learns in the drills depends on the quality of his officers. In some gung-ho units, there is tough, no-nonsense adherence to U.S. Army manuals; in others, the time is often wasted on jovial horseplay. Apart from the drill, there is an annual 15-day session in the field, which can be rigorous: units are sometimes flown to Alaska to take their yearly fortnights in the Army's Cold Weather School.

Why They Join

Why do men join the Guard? For most younger men, it is what one officer calls "minimum career interference." What that means, baldly stated, is a device to beat the draft. "This way," explains one, "it's six years of a weekly pain in the neck; the other way, it is two years or more out of my life and out of my first job." Since the Viet Nam troop buildup began two years ago, it has become virtually impossible to get into any Guard unit without months of waiting. "It takes real pull these days," says a Kentuckian. "Fortunately, my father knew a Guard general who found a way to squeeze me into his unit when my draft board classified me 1A."

There are others for whom the Guard represents prestige, a larger place in the community: a mail-room clerk by day can be a colonel by night. Others had a taste of the military during World War II or Korea and liked the life. And there is the chance for an evening away from the family and with the boys. Often, especially in rural areas, Guard headquarters is the social center, where townsmen gather for civic banquets and Saturday-night dances. In the South, the Guard is especially strong. Alabama has some 130 armories, 1,000 full-time employees and a budget of \$20 million a year.

In major cities there is also a social flavor: the Richmond Blues have for generations nurtured the First Families of Virginia. New York City's old Squadron A, now disbanded, was once known for its fine afternoon polo. The spiffies of all, New York's 7th Regiment (now the 107th Battalion) Armory, at 67th Street and Park Avenue in Manhattan, still hosts a fine antique show each year. The site was donated by the city, and the Vanderbilts and the Astors helped finance the building. The 7th—known as the "Silk Stockings"—cracked heads aplenty and killed a few dozen rioting immigrants from time to time in the violence of the 19th century. Today, its once-a-week drills are a mixture of fun and discipline; the men spend a lot of time polishing the silver cups that line the armory's mantelpieces and trophy cases.

The 7th, like the Richmond Blues and hundreds of lesser National Guard units around the country, is a proud member of its community, and a unit's community takes pride in its presence. In fact, no American institution is more deeply embedded in the tradition of the land. From the earliest days, military policy has been based on the old Anglo-Saxon distrust of standing armies as a menace to freedom; for all his acid complaints about the quality of his own militiamen, Washington himself firmly supported the idea of

well-trained citizen-soldiers. In their wisdom, the founding fathers wrote the idea into the Constitution: Congress shall "provide for calling forth the Militia" and for "organizing, arming, and disciplining the Militia, and for governing such Part of them as may be employed in the Service of the United States." Further, the Constitution reserves to the states "the Appointments of the Officers, and the Authority of training the Militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress."

Partly Federal, Mostly State

Thus, the real commanders of National Guard units are not the Pentagon generals but the state Governors, who are free to hand out Guard officerships to friends or political allies through the state adjutants general, who themselves are usually appointees of the Governors. The opportunity for patronage is obvious. In some states, the Governor also makes use of Guard aircraft to take him and his aides around on state business. In Wisconsin, Governor Warren P. Knowles keeps himself in the public eye by having Guard Jeeps cruise the highways bearing inscriptions that read "Governor's Highway Safety Patrol." Back in the '50s, when G. Mennen Williams was Governor of Michigan, the Guard came out for traffic duty each Fourth of July.

None of these things are improper, but the dualism of the state and federal roles raises broad questions as to the best, most efficient use of troops paid by federal funds to be an important part of the U.S. defense establishment. It is a serious problem for U.S. generals who must prepare for 20th century wars with an 18th century minuteman heritage around their necks. Every Congressman and Senator on Capitol Hill hears—and fears—the cannon fire from the armory back home, when he opens his mouth on the subject of the National Guard. The whistle of those cannon balls is all too audible across the Potomac in the Pentagon. Technically, the Defense Department can disapprove a Governor's appointment of a Guard officer by refusing to recognize the nominee. In practice, the Pentagon generally shrugs and looks the other way, in the process accepting in some Guard units one more colonel or major who is a good deal better at selling stocks and bonds or running his dry-goods store than he is at commanding troops.

The National Guard asserts, indeed proudly insists, that its primary function is fulfillment of its federal role; and it is this role for which the \$1 billion in federal funds flows to it each year. Yet its commanders have no direct responsibility for national security and are not answerable to the national Government. If Washington officials propose to train the Guard of one state in another state, the Governor of either state can veto the idea. Any Governor, at any time, can abrogate or alter any arrangement made with the Guard of his state.

When the situation is viewed in this light, it is perhaps not surprising that for the Viet Nam war, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara chose to draft raw civilians and train them for use with regular Army divisions rather than call up the Guard. No doubt, the political problems involved with the Guard were one big factor. Also to be considered was the training level that the National Guard had achieved. Of the total 418,500 Army Guardsmen, only 118,900 are in really crack units ready for quick use abroad. They are the men of the Selected Reserve Force, which is kept at 100% of strength in manpower and is equipped with all the gear it needs for combat. Many of the rest of the Army Guard units are manned at only 50% of scheduled strength, have to make do with World War II artillery, tanks, flamethrowers, and rifles.

A cannon is hardly the weapon to use against an antiwar demonstrator; a flamethrower is not the way to fend off ghetto rioters. Since the training emphasis for Army Guardsmen has been on weapons of war—for the federal role—it is no surprise that they were ill-prepared to cope with the summer's disturbances in America's city streets. The Guard in Newark and Detroit was confronted with organized arson, mass looting and, most terrifying of all, snipers firing at Guardsmen from darkened windows. In both cities, the

Guard lacked a clear-cut chain of command, suffered from the hesitation of political commanders, was committed to piecemeal units. The New Jersey Guard lacked radio equipment to keep in contact with the state police, and both Newark and Detroit Guardsmen lacked bulletproof vests and proper riot helmets. It should be said that the record is not all negative: in Milwaukee, a curfew and quick action by Guardsmen, who flooded the streets at the first sign of serious trouble, nipped a riot in the bud.

What was nationally obvious was that the Guard needs better training. The quick directive that flashed out from Washington on the heels of the rioting should provide a good start. All over the nation, Army Guardsmen have been working hard to complete the crash 32-hour riot-training program ordered by the Pentagon. Some of the highlights: crowd control, building roadblocks, locating and isolating snipers. Above all, the new course teaches Guardsmen to avoid mass gunfire.

Training alone is, of course, not a sufficient answer. The 46th Guard Division used in Detroit was woefully unprepared for any kind of combat, riot or otherwise, since two of its brigades were among those Guard units in the lowest category of priorities. Its manpower was at the 50% level, and it had no access to needed federal equipment. It is precisely this kind of unit that Defense Secretary McNamara has been trying for years to get rid of. But getting rid of units means getting rid of juicy officer posts in the state. Local politicians and Congressmen are shocked at the thought.

President Dwight Eisenhower tried time and again to reduce and modernize the National Guard and at the same time slash the size of that other nonactive force, the Organized Reserve, which stands separate from the Guard and currently numbers 260,000. Congress balked each time, and until recently Secretary McNamara has had not much more luck with his own reserve reorganization schemes. At last, however, a program seems to be near acceptance. It would trim the Guard in relatively minor terms: from 418,500 men to 400,000. It would be aimed at using those men in fewer, more efficient, more powerful units. To do this, the reorganization proposal would effectively change the shape of the Guard, eliminating 15 of the existing 23 divisions, restructuring the Guard to a force of eight combat divisions and 18 brigades, which the Pentagon would fit in more closely with regular Army plans. Most important, it would permit the removal of all 50%-manned units and raise the rest to 90% manning, which would make the Guard all the closer to readiness for combat duty.

For Community & for Country

McNamara's reorganization would go a long way toward improving the Guard's readiness for foreign emergencies. It would not, of course, cut to the heart of the question: state control. In 1903, after disastrous results with the militia in the Spanish-American War, Secretary of War Elihu Root vainly sought to eliminate the states' role and create a reserve of militiamen controlled entirely by the Federal Government. In 1948, a Defense Department committee under Assistant Secretary (and later Secretary) of the Army Gordon Gray urged much the same. There is much to be said for this federalized-militia approach, which would leave it to the states to form their own internal-security forces against domestic disturbances.

Above all, the fact must be faced that as it stands, the National Guard is generally not fit for either side of its dual role. It is not properly constituted, equipped or trained to fight a modern war. It is even less prepared to deal with domestic riots. While some of its severest critics believe that it should be abolished, that is too total a solution for the safety of the people. The U.S. needs a capable reserve in order to limit the size of the permanent military establishment and still afford adequate protection in time of emergency. The states must have an effective force for riot control and service in time of disaster. It is time for politicians as well as professional and citizen soldiers to put aside their own interests and prejudices and turn their efforts to a solution that will best serve their states and their country.

THE WORLD

LATIN AMERICA

End of a Legend

The Quebrada del Yuro, deep in the stifling Bolivian jungle 75 miles north of Camiri, is a steep and narrow ravine that is covered with dense foliage. There, early last week, two companies of Bolivian Rangers totaling more than 180 men split into two columns and quietly stalked a handful of guerrillas. Shortly after noon, the troops spotted their men, and both sides opened up with their rifles and automatic weapons at a withering, point-blank range of 150 feet. After a lengthy fight, four Rangers and three guerrillas lay dead, and four other guerrillas had been captured.

One of the prisoners was no ordinary guerrilla. He was Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, 39, the elusive Marxist firebrand, guerrilla expert and former second in command to Fidel Castro whose name had become a legend after his disappearance from Cuba 2½ years ago. Since that time, much of the world had thought Che dead (perhaps even at Castro's hands) until his presence in Bolivia was dramatically confirmed a short time ago (TIME, Sept. 29).

Messages from "Ariel." Dressed in a dusty fatigue shirt, faded green trousers and lightweight, high-top sandals, Che caught a bullet in his left thigh as he advanced toward the government troops; another bullet knocked his M-1 semiautomatic carbine right out of his hands. In Che's rucksack, the Rangers found a book entitled *Essays on Contemporary Capitalism*, several codes, two war diaries, some messages of support from "Ariel"—apparently Castro—and a personal notebook. "It seems," read one recent notebook entry in Che's tight, crisp handwriting, "that this is reaching the end."

At Quebrada del Yuro, Che was loaded onto a stretcher and carried five miles to the town of Higueras. Informed of his capture, army leaders in La Paz, the capital, pondered what to do with him. Since Bolivia has no death penalty, Che, at worst, would go off to prison—perhaps only after a long, noisy trial, a propaganda outcry from the whole Communist bloc and the threat that other guerrillas might streak into Bolivia and make a cause of him. The next day, orders came down to Higueras to execute Che. He was shot two hours later.

Strapped to the runner of a helicopter, Che's body was then flown to Valle Grande, a dirt-poor, two-century-

old town of 7,000 people set in rolling hills some 3,000 ft. high. At the airport, it was loaded into a truck and whisked down the narrow dirt and cobblestone streets to the town's Señor de Malta Hospital, run by German Dominican sisters. There four men in white and a nun went to work on Che, opening an incision in his neck for embalming fluid and washing his body. A man in civilian clothes took his fingerprints. A medical examination by Drs. Moisés Abraham and José Martínez revealed that Che's body had seven bullet wounds, including one through the heart that killed him instantly. "An interest-



CHE'S BODY IN VALLE GRANDE
Fallacy compounded.

ing fact," said Abraham, "is that his feet were very well cared for."

Air of Mystery. With the body prepared, the army permitted newsmen and thousands of curious townfolk to file past for a glimpse of the mysterious foreigner, laid out atop a long concrete sink. On into the night, the quiet, stone-faced peasants continued past the body, shining flashlights eerily into the dark, bearded, open-eyed countenance. Even soldiers who moved through the line stood and gaped until a guard barked at them to move along. Two days after his death, Che's fingers were cut off for further fingerprinting, and his body was cremated—an unusual step in a Catholic country. The ashes were then secretly disposed of.

As it had been with Che in life, there was an air of mystery and confusion about him in death. The army denied reports of the execution; yet the

doctors who examined him claimed that Che had died 24 hours after his capture. With a bullet in his heart, he could never have lived that long. Flying into Valle Grande from La Paz, Armed Forces Chief General Alfredo Ovando added to the confusion by claiming that Che had said after his capture: "I am Che. I have failed." More likely, the cocky Che would have spit defiance or, if too weak from his wounds, simply remained silent.

Despite the army's clumsy handling of the situation, few doubted that the dead man was Che, and the sigh of relief throughout Latin America was almost as audible as a breeze whistling down from the Andes. "Guevara's death," said Rio's Jornal do Brasil, "is a dramatic warning to the planners of systematic subversion among us." In Camiri, where he is on trial as a member of Che's guerrilla band, French Marxist Régis Debray wept at the news of Che's death. "I would like to be at his side," he said, "and die with him."

Headings & Poetry. If Castro was the spearhead of Cuba's revolution, Che was its philosopher. Born in Argentina, he grew up battling in the streets against Dictator Juan Perón, gave up a medical career to become a full-time revolutionary, and by the early 1950s was in Mexico City plotting a Cuban revolution with Castro. Like Castro, Che had a passionate hatred of the U.S., an emotional worship of the Communist world, an obsessive determination to succeed in all things. Unlike Castro, however, he was cool and pragmatic. The same Che who could calmly order a comrade beheaded for a breach of discipline would sit around a campfire for hours afterward, leading an avuncular discussion of Marxist doctrine or reciting his favorite Marxist poets.

With Castro in power, Che dabbled in Cuban politics, agriculture, finance and military training; at the same time, he shaped his own independent and pragmatic brand of guerrilla Marxism, even more violent than Mao Tse-tung's. In contrast with Castro, Che was not afraid to put his theories above politics. In 1965, at a time when Castro was trying to draw closer to Moscow, Che went barnstorming around Africa and Asia, drumming up support for a bloc of small socialist countries to counteract the "imperialism of large socialist countries." After Che's return to Havana, the two revolutionaries had a falling-out and decided to go their separate ways. Che then dropped out of sight, and seven months later Castro announced that he had gone off to "other lands of the world" to help foment Castro-style revolutions.

A Basic Flow. Che's death illustrates how unsuccessful the attempt has been. In the eight years since Castro came to power, Cuba has spent \$400 million on its "wars of liberation," trained 5,000

young Latin American guerrillas and launched more than 15 different attempts at revolution in twelve Latin American countries. All of them have failed, though small groups still operate in Guatemala, Colombia, Venezuela and Bolivia. Even in these countries, guerrilla bands have been reduced to a fraction of their original strength, and are at best fighting only defensive actions.

The flaw in Che's philosophy of revolution is revealed in his book *Guerrilla Warfare*, which sets down a step-by-step plan for organizing peasants for a Cuban-style revolution. What Che ignored was the fact that Castro did not really create a peasant revolution in Cuba. Though the peasants supported and sustained his forces during the early fighting in the Sierra Maestra, the real turning point came when Cuba's urban middle class, which actually made up the bulk of Castro's army, suddenly

fatal error was getting trapped where he did. Though the steep, dense ravines provided ideal cover for his men, the army was able to command the mountains and finally surround him and seal off all exits.

Another reason for Che's failure is that Latin American armies are themselves capable of more than just fighting. From Costa Rica to Argentina, the region's armed forces are building roads, schools and hospitals in the long-neglected interior, stringing up lights and communication lines and bringing the peasant into the 20th century. To train the armed forces in both civic action and anti-guerrilla warfare, the U.S. has set up a counterinsurgency school in the Panama Canal Zone that has already turned out more than 1,000 graduates. The U.S. also sends advisers into the various countries to help. The Bolivian Rangers who captured Che were, in fact, trained by U.S. instructors.

Che's death will hardly mean the end of Communist activity in Latin America. There are still deep-rooted conditions of poverty, neglect and hopelessness that subversives can feed on and exploit. But his departure from the scene takes away much of the mystery and romanticism that has been associated with that subversion.

THE WAR

As the North Sees It

Never has the war situation been so favorable.

—North Vietnamese Military Boss Vo Nguyen Giap

General Giap does not, of course, necessarily believe that, but it is his job to deliver an occasional pep talk to his troops. In a long, rambling report issued from Hanoi last week, he claimed that U.S. forces are suffering "resounding blows," "annihilation" and "heavy defeat." Ho, hum. But Giap did say some things from which Hanoi watchers drew a few interesting conclusions. When all the boasting and saber rattling were cleared away, they agreed that his speech showed that the North Vietnamese military command is:

- Determined to avoid main-force encounters with U.S. troops in South Viet Nam except in the northernmost I Corps, which can be supplied directly across the Demilitarized Zone.
- Intent on stepping up regional, smaller-unit offensive actions, even though that is a marked regression from last summer's regiment-sized attacks.
- Convinced its campaign in the northern province has pinned down enough U.S. forces to cause a stalemate there, thus preventing more U.S. troops from entering the fight in other areas.
- Certain that whoever is elected President of the U.S. in 1968, President Johnson or a Republican, the U.S. will step up its military effort in Viet Nam.
- Willing to continue going it alone unless the North is invaded, which would,

said Giap, "cause grave unforeseen consequences"—by which he means, as well as a warning to the U.S., the unpalatable fact that Chinese troops might enter North Vietnamese territory.

Confrontation of Sorts. Giap's main claim to fame is that he led the forces that defeated the French at Dienbienphu, but he is well aware that he is up against a very different enemy now. Even as his speech was beamed southward by Hanoi, the North Vietnamese homeland felt the full impact of U.S. airpower. The bombing of the North has become so intense in the days before the monsoon hits in full force that the number of prohibited targets in North Viet Nam has been falling almost as fast as the torrents of bombs.

Striking at both dawn and dusk, Intruder bombers from the U.S.S. *Constellation* dug huge craters in the runway of the previously untouched MIG



WITH CASTRO IN CUBA (1959)
Exports rejected.

began deserting Dictator Fulgencio Batista and sent the jittery strongman fleeing into exile.

In practice, Che himself compounded the fallacy of his theories by breaking even his most basic rules. In Bolivia, he not only underestimated the army's capability; he also misjudged the mood of the *campesinos*, who wanted nothing to do with his revolution. To recruit guerrillas, Che had to hire men off the streets with promises of jobs, then terrorize them into fighting for him. "The inhabitants of the region are as impenetrable as rocks," he scribbled in his notebook. "You talk to them, and in the depths of their eyes it can be seen that they don't believe." The day before he was captured, Che wrote that his dwindling band had questioned a local woman about nearby troops and got nowhere. "She was given 50 pesos and cautioned to say nothing." Che wrote, "but with little confidence that she would keep her word." Che's final,



NORTH VIET NAM'S GIAP (1966)
Difference detected.

airbase at Cat Bi, four miles southwest of Haiphong, and set fire to its fuel supply. Hitting at two more new targets, Skyhawks and Crusaders from the carriers *Intrepid* and *Oriskany* blasted the Lach Tray and Thuong Ly shipyards, which are located within about 1.7 miles from the center of Haiphong. Though Haiphong's piers have been avoided for fear of provoking a confrontation with the Soviet Union, a confrontation of sorts took place when U.S. Navy flyers for the first time hammered the military compound in Haiphong's southern suburbs at which Soviet helicopters and missiles are assembled after being unloaded at the port. There were almost certainly Soviet technicians working at the compound.

Last week's raids left only five major targets of military value still uncaptured. They were the Gia Lam airbase near Hanoi; the Phuc Yen airbase, 15 miles northeast of the capital; the railway terminal and power plant in Lao Cai, a



WRECKED EGYPTIAN EQUIPMENT AFTER SINAI BATTLE IN JUNE
In no hurry to supply another offensive.

North Vietnamese town that sits directly on the Chinese border; the piers at the auxiliary port of Hon Gai; and, of course, the docks at Haiphong. But unless the U.S.'s new choke-and-destroy air strategy is suddenly curtailed, all those objectives, except perhaps the Haiphong docks, are soon likely to feel the blast of U.S. air strikes.

As U.S. airpower attempted to choke off the flow of Soviet and Chinese weaponry into Viet Nam, U.S. troops of the 9th Infantry Division turned up dramatic evidence that war matériel is still finding its way South. Tracking suspicious footprints in the thick jungle of Phouc Tuy province, some 30 miles east of Saigon, a 20-man patrol discovered a tunnel so recently deserted that a candle was still flickering inside. From a maze of interlocking tunnels and chambers, the troops toted out a huge cache of ammunition and at least 675 weapons, including Chinese-made recoilless rifles and brand-new Soviet AK-47 assault rifles. U.S. intelligence experts believe that the cache was a resupply depot for the 274th North Vietnamese Regiment, which has been operating in the area.

Puff to the Rescue. Just below the DMZ, the U.S. Marines at Con Thien came under heavy attack again. First, the shells began falling on the camp. Then, under cover of a heavy 400-shell barrage, 900 North Vietnamese regulars made a pre-dawn assault on Con Thien in an attempt to overrun the embattled Marines. Lobbing smoke and tear-gas grenades, the North Vietnamese reached the southwest perimeter of the base before they were pinned down by withering counterfire from the Marines. To the Marines' assistance came Puff-the-Magic-Dragon gunships, their fast-firing miniguns raking the attackers. U.S. fighter-bombers and Marine artillery also laid down a practically solid curtain of fire around Con Thien. By mid-morning, their attack broken by the massive firepower, the North Vietnamese gathered up their dead and wounded and retreated. The Marines counted their own casualties: 23 killed, 36 wounded.

force, destroyed during the war, is still without a single plane.

Russia thus shows every sign of giving the Arabs enough to defend themselves but not enough to launch an attack. Even the Israelis admit that the Arabs are incapable of attacking now. More than 5,000 Egyptian officers alone are in Israeli P.O.W. camps, and the ever active Tel Aviv intelligence corps figures that it will take Nasser at least three years to rebuild his army into a unit of fighting men. Despite their occasional verbal attacks against Israel, the Arabs have also lost their taste for war. Throughout the Arab world, generals who once talked of driving Israel into the sea are now devoting their energies to matters closer to home: how to defend their own capitals.

MIDDLE EAST

The Arabs' New Arms

Just how much arms and equipment has Russia sent the blitzkrieged Arabs since Israel's June victory? Israel Premier Levi Eshkol raised the question himself last week—and gave his own answer. Russia, he claimed, has replaced 80% of the heavy weapons—warplanes, tanks and artillery—lost by Egypt during the fighting and has almost completely restocked Syria's prewar arsenal. "This influx of weapons has again upset the balance of power in the Middle East," said Eshkol. "It has made our position more precarious—and made it all the more important that the Western powers permit us to buy the weapons we need to defend ourselves."

It is only natural that Israel, surrounded by enemies who still declare their undying hostility four months after the war, is making a big point of Arab rearmament and its own pleas for the resumption of arms supplies pinched off by the U.S. and Britain. The fact is, however, that Russia has restored more like 60% of the arms and equipment lost by the Arabs, that it has more or less stuck to defensive weapons and that it has been slowing down its shipments of arms.

Incapable of Attack. Moscow has indeed sent replacements for two-thirds of the 255 jet fighters—mostly MIG-15s and MIG-17s—that were destroyed in Egypt and Syria during the war, but MIGs are defensive weapons designed primarily to shoot down enemy planes, and the Russians have been notably unhurried in supplying either country with the weapons of modern offense. Western intelligence reports indicate that Russia has replaced only a third of Egypt's 700 lost tanks, only half of its 50 bombed-out bombers and almost none of its heavy guns. Russia, moreover, has long since stopped its emergency postwar airlift of weapons to Cairo. The Syrians, whom Moscow distrusts, have received even fewer offensive arms. Jordan has so far been unable to beg or borrow a single weapon for its hard-hit army, and its air

YEMEN

Desperation of a Strongman

There are few roads in Yemen, and last week they were all crowded with Egyptian troop convoys headed for the sea. As he promised at the Arab summit at Khartoum in August, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser is calling his soldiers home. Five thousand have already left, and another 5,000 are converging on the Red Sea port of Hodeida to await transport. The remaining 10,000 are pulling out of their defensive positions in Yemen's bleak highlands, abandoning the Republican-held capital of San'a and the dusty town of Taiz. By the middle of November, according to Cairo's semiofficial newspaper Al Ahram, even the Egyptian political advisers to Republican Strongman Abdul-Sallal will be gone.

Reign of Terror. Sallal has become a desperate man. Neither Nasser's troops nor his own ragged army has been able to break the stalemate in the country's five-year-old civil war; Royalist tribesmen of the Imam Badr still hold half of Yemen, and are in a good position to contest Sallal's army for control of the rest. In his own camp, moreover, Sallal embarked on a reign of terror in which thousands of his former supporters have been jailed and dozens more executed. He has become so widely despised that not even the Yemeni Republican army could be trusted with guarding him against assassination. After two bazooka attacks on his home by disaffected soldiers, Sallal installed Egyptian guards.

The Egyptian pull-out has increased his desperation and turned his love of Nasser into blind hatred. He ordered the execution of his security chief, Colonel Abdel Kader Khatari, after Khatari's police fired into a mob attacking an Egyptian command post in San'a. Most Yemenis, Republicans and Royalists alike, want a negotiated end to the war, but Sallal rejects reconciliation on any terms. He has refused to recognize the committee of Arab leaders (the Premiers of Iraq and the Sudan, the foreign minister of Morocco) appointed at

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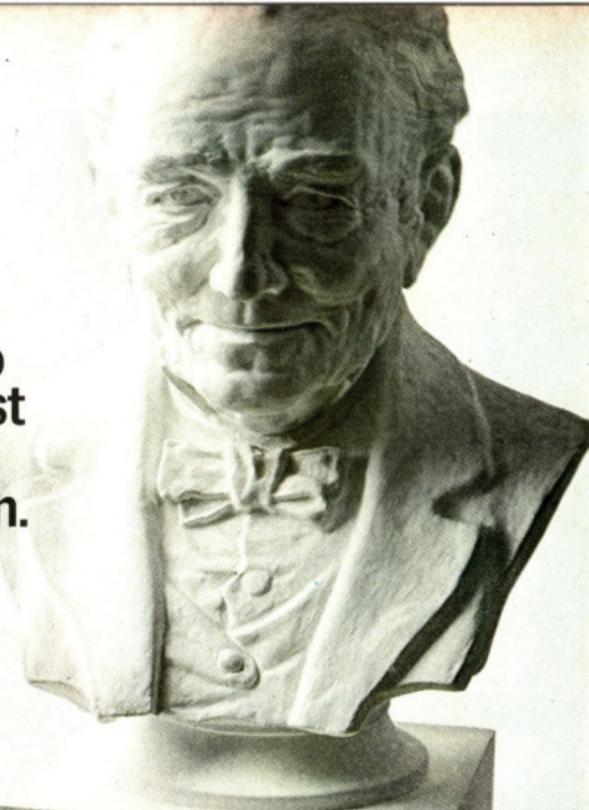
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the Arab summit to arrange peace terms. When its members flew into San'a two weeks ago to set up a peace congress, he ordered them to leave.

Blessed Announcement. Sallal feels that Nasser has sold him out, but he is determined to stay in power and fight on against the Royalists. To do so, he must somehow restore his standing with the Republican army, which alone can keep him in power against his many enemies. Last week, in an attempt to mollify his top officers—and keep his eye on them at the same time—he fired his entire Cabinet and formed a new one. Three army men were installed in key ministries. Sallal, in addition to his posts of President and Premier, took over the army ministry and the foreign ministry for himself.

Even his new Cabinet, however, may not be enough to keep Sallal in power. In Cairo, Nasser announced the release of three Yemeni Republican leaders who had been held prisoner for more than a year at Sallal's behest. Two are former Premiers who turned against Sallal, and the third was Republican Yemen's leading judge. All of them favor peace with the Royalists, and all have both the prestige and popular following necessary to overthrow Sallal. At the same time, the three-nation peace mission announced that a national conciliation conference of both Royalists and Republicans will "definitely be convened soon, irrespective of difficulties"—in other words, whether Sallal wants it or not. The announcement, obviously blessed by old friend Nasser, made the isolation of Sallal almost complete.

YUGOSLAVIA

Modernizing by Fire

In Belgrade, a furniture company was saved from bankruptcy when fire destroyed its antiquated—but well insured—plant. In the town of Pirot, a money-losing rubber factory, also insured, went up in flames. In Bosnia, a meat-packing plant mysteriously burned down. Throughout Yugoslavia, factories are bursting into flames at a rate described by Zagreb's weekly *Vijesnik u Srijedu* as "a fire and a half a day." Asked Belgrade radio last week: "Are we going to see our entire industry disappear in billows of smoke?"

By remarkable coincidence, most of the fires break out in establishments that are in deep financial trouble or hopelessly obsolescent. Their managers know that generous fire insurance policies sponsored by the state allow them to modernize their factories as well as rebuild them. "We do not like to make insinuations," said *Vijesnik u Srijedu*, "but arson pays off handsomely." And the risk is virtually nonexistent. Because state insurance companies rely on harried local police to conduct fire investigations, no company official has yet been found guilty of anything more serious than negligence. The maximum penalty for that is a \$16 fine.

EUROPE

None for the Road

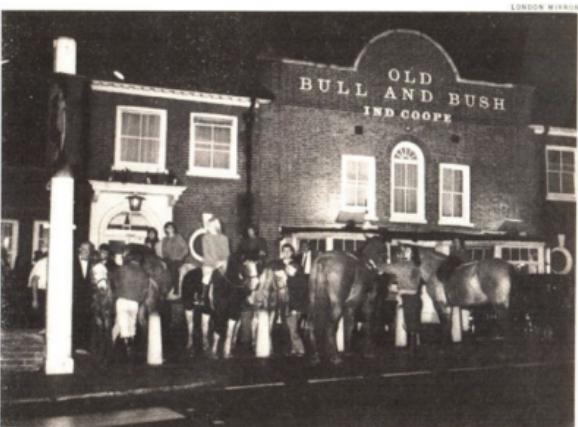
By early evening, Britain's streets were uncommonly empty last week, and normally brimful pubs were almost deserted. Brewery stocks tumbled on the London exchange. Government announcements on television exhorted couples to decide before going out for an evening which of them would drink and which would drive. The Daily Mail worried that Britain might change from "friendly, sociable nation to a country of introverts."

Thus "The Test" came to Britain last week. From now on, British drivers will be obliged by law to submit to random curbside "Breathalyser" tests, blowing their breath into 8-in. glass tubes containing alcohol-sensitive yellow crystals. If the crystals turn green, the

(28 quarts of pure alcohol per year) and a test similar to Britain's, driving under the influence now carries the maximum penalty of a three-year license suspension, one year in prison and a \$1,000 fine. Belgium and The Netherlands have also enacted sobriety laws reinforced by tests, and Swiss highways have blossomed with signs proclaiming "Alcohol drives you to jail."

Police caught driving while tipsy not only face jail and fines but must attend lectures that damn the old devil drink. In Czechoslovakia, the crackdown is aimed as much at those who sell booze to drivers as at the drivers themselves; a Czech motorist in search of a nip must thus park his auto well away from the tavern and make his approach by foot. West Germany's ten years of breath testing by police has given rise to a new industry that produces loz-

LONDON MIKE



CUSTOMERS ARRIVING AT BRITISH PUB ON HORSEBACK
One way to have their booze and enjoy it too.

next stop is the police station for a blood test or urinalysis. Anyone showing a reading of 80 milligrams of alcohol per 100 milliliters of blood faces almost certain conviction and a maximum penalty of four months in jail, a \$280 fine and a one-year license suspension. Since the level is so low that some people may reach it after only two beers, Britain's millions of pub crawlers face the choice of either abstaining, getting someone to drive them home or taking their chances in the test. In some places, those who own horses created yet another choice by riding them to the pubs and home again.

Driving to Jail. Britain is joining a whole host of other European countries that, faced with the world's highest alcoholic-consumption rates and a staggering number of auto accidents, are cracking down on driving after drinking. In France, which has the world's highest per capita consumption

engines and mouth sprays to mask alcoholic fumes in the breath.

The grandfather of anti-alcohol legislation is Scandinavia, which has reined in schnapps-happy drivers for years—with mixed results. Swedes are taught from the cradle up that booze and an auto do not mix, yet one in five drivers still risks arrest by taking the wheel after drinking. About 7,000 a year go for one to twelve months to special prisons, including one outside Stockholm that is known as "the country club" because of the high social caliber of its inmates. In Denmark, where the number of arrests of drunken drivers has been increasing sharply, police are introducing breath-testing balloons and trying for tougher laws. The Finns put imprisoned tipplers in special jails and make them work their way out. Much of the hard labor in building Helsinki's new international airport was performed by drying-out drivers.

BRITAIN

The Princely Life

As he stood on the sidewalk in front of the Great Gate at Trinity College, Cambridge, and waited for an arrival who was already 14 minutes overdue, Trinity Master Lord Butler was somewhat bemused by his position. "It is the first time I have met a student here," he remarked to bystanders. Moments later, a red Mini pulled up and the gangly frame of Prince Charles unfolded from the tiny car. After much public debate in Britain over the proper education of the heir apparent, the Prince of Wales had come to Cam-



CHARLES AT CAMBRIDGE
None of the wacky mod world.

bridge to finish his formal schooling. Though two of his kingly forebears had attended Cambridge, Charles was the first royal heir to become a university man since his grandfather, George VI, and the first in history to attend as a normal undergraduate.

The prince was greeted by the Trinity staff, handed the key to his rooms and quickly introduced to the routine of college life. He eats with the other undergraduates at the scrubbed oaken tables in hall, wears a blue academic gown, is assigned an ordinary three-room suite in one of the "newer" dormitories and shares a toilet and bath with ten other undergraduates on the E stairwell, where Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Macaulay and Thackeray also had rooms. His only special luxury is a telephone in his rooms. His personal bodyguard has moved to another location in the college and will unobtrusively tail him around the town.

More Like Mother. As his fellow students quickly discovered, Charles is not an easy person to get to know. Though he has the hands-behind-the-back stance and long stride of his father, he lacks Prince Philip's talent for light banter. Prince Charles is, in fact, shy, withdrawn and, like his mother, painfully reserved. In his first week at Cambridge, he made no attempts to get to know fellow students, walked around the college grounds alone with his head down. He will probably mix eventually; after five years at Cheam, then five more at his father's old school of Gordonstoun in Scotland, he gained a good deal of self-confidence during a six-month stay at Timbertop, the roughing-it school in Australia from which he returned last year.

At Cambridge, Prince Charles selected the rather unusual course of archaeology and anthropology (taken by only 50 other undergraduates). On the basis of past performances, he is bright enough; he passed standard British pre-college examinations with top marks. At the end of each year, he will take exams that will indicate how well he performs in the demanding climate of Cambridge. He still is not sure whether he will leave at the end of two years or stay the three required for a degree.

Strictly Traditional. At 18, Charles reflects none of the wacky mod world of today's Britain. His clothes are traditional British tweeds and flannels. His hair, once shaggy locks that obscured his forehead, is now somewhat better tamed and brushed to the side. He goes to the theater in London occasionally, but has never been seen at a night-club and, aside from sneaking a cherry brandy as a schoolboy, is known to drink nothing stiffer than an occasional sip of champagne. He does not smoke. He is good at gentlemen's sports—polo, shooting, sailing—but does not have any interest in such traditional British team sports as rugby and cricket.

Prince Charles likes pop music well enough, but really prefers classical. He plays the electric guitar, the cello and the trumpet. His only close friends are in the family—his Gloucester cousins, Prince William, 25, and Prince Richard, 23, and a German cousin, Prince Guelph of Hannover. He is occasionally seen squiring a pretty girl about London, and the Queen gives private dances for him at Windsor Castle. The girls, however, are invariably old friends from childhood or sisters of schoolmates. So far, there has been no hint of a romance in the prince's life.

After Cambridge, Prince Charles is expected to enter the navy for a tour of duty. Since Queen Elizabeth is only 41, the Prince of Wales is likely to play a large part of his life preparing himself to become King Charles III. He is well paid for his efforts. Since he turned 18 last November, he has had an annual income of \$84,000 from rents on royal lands. When he turns 21, the sum will go up to \$560,000.

The Egalitarian Example

No country can bury a man with greater pomp and flourish than Britain. Yet all the trappings of power were absent last week at the funeral of Earl Attlee, Britain's Prime Minister from 1945 to 1951; there were no honor guards or artillery caissons, no press or television, no crush of spectators. Only 150 invited friends and relatives gathered in London's historic Temple Church for a brief Anglican ceremony in honor of the man who had shaped the political destiny of postwar Britain. Though his ashes later will be interred in Westminster Abbey, the simple fu-



EARL ATTLEE (1965)

Unlikely leader for such a moment.

neral fitted Clement Richard Attlee, who died at 84 of pneumonia.

Love of Puttering. Throughout his career, Attlee remained as egalitarian as the Britain he hoped to build. His wife Violet often chauffeured him about in the family Hillman on his political rounds. He wore frayed clothes, smoked a little black pipe and cultivated the Englishman's love of putting about a garden. The son of a lawyer, he attended Oxford and was a staunch Tory until he visited a London slum. The squalor turned the young lawyer into a social worker and socialist. When the Labor Party split in 1935 over the issue of pacifism, Attlee, a World War I major and no pacifist, emerged as its leader. He remolded the party into a more pragmatic organization, and fashioned the program of social reform with which it came to power.

Attlee became Britain's Prime Minister in the startling upset elections of

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July 1945, when war-weary Britons tossed out Winston Churchill's Tories and gave Labor an overwhelming 146-seat majority in Commons. Frail and diffident, timid in crowds and a mediocre public speaker, he seemed an unlikely leader for such a challenging moment. He surprised everyone by proceeding to direct a "bloodless revolution" the likes of which Britain had not experienced since the Reform Bill of 1832 created the modern Parliament. Attlee's Laborites set up an entire social security system and welfare state in Britain, and jiggled the underpinning of Britain's free-enterprise system by nationalizing the huge steel and coal industries, the trucking companies, railroads and airlines.

End to Empire. Attlee also did what his old rival Churchill had refused to do: preside over the dissolution of the British Empire. While his Cabinet argued over what to do about the independence demands of India, Burma and Ceylon, Attlee broke in with his answer: get out. His decision to depart rather than delay avoided ugly anti-British insurrections and enabled him to incorporate all of the former Asian possessions except Burma into the Commonwealth. The cold war, however, put a chill on many of Attlee's plans. He diverted welfare funds to armaments to help block the Soviet threat in Europe, joined NATO, and ordered British scientists to develop a British nuclear deterrent. When the U.S. went to war in Korea to resist Communist aggression, Attlee sent British troops there too.

At home, his economic program eventually proved too strong a dose for exhausted Britain. The economy failed to bounce back under Labor's bungling controls. The country became one huge queue of shabby Britons waiting for scarce food, run-down buses and the clothing ration. Britain's faltering exports forced Attlee to devalue the pound in 1949, a hard blow to the country's already tattered pride. In the 1950 general election, Attlee's party returned to office with a bare eight-seat margin in Commons. One year later, it lost out altogether, and the Tories returned to begin 13 years of unbroken rule.

Dismay of Left. Attlee stepped aside as party leader in 1955 in favor of Hugh Gaitskell, accepted a peerage from Queen Elizabeth and took a seat in the House of Lords as Earl Attlee. After his wife's death in 1964, he moved to a set of rooms in the Temple, the traditional lodgings and offices of London barristers. Two successive strokes impeded his ability to speak, though his mind remained clear and sharp. He wrote articles for the Times of London, criticizing British moves to join the Common Market, and received visitors, scribbling answers to their questions on a pad of paper. He lived to see the Labor Party return to power, but its record of late could hardly have brought him anything but dismay. Even as he lay dying, the Laborites lost a



STUDENTS RIOTING AT RED CHINESE EMBASSY IN DJAKARTA
Neither side really wants to cut the lines.

by-election in the London working-class district of Walthamstow West, the seat that sent Attlee to Commons in 1929 and had been considered safe for Labor ever since.

INDONESIA

A Firmer Hand

Compared with the swaggering Sukarno, whom he replaced last year as Indonesia's top man, General Suharto is a cautious and colorless fellow—which is just what Indonesia needs. He rules Indonesia with such quiet modesty and attention to detail that his advisers have been constantly prodding him to make more speeches and exert more power. Last week Suharto showed that he can act as forcefully, if not as flamboyantly, as Sukarno. In what he mildly called "a redressing," he announced his first big Cabinet shake-up, a move that consolidated his own power and clearly reflected his confident control of the country.

To end interservice squabbling in the military, which in recent months has even led to armed clashes between units, he stripped the four armed forces chiefs of their ministerial ranks and put them under his direct control. In response to talk of corruption, bungling and disloyalty, he replaced several suspect ministers with competent technicians loyal to him. He retained the Sultan of Jogjakarta as economics chief and Adam Malik as Foreign Minister, but dissolved the old inner Cabinet, so that all ministers must now report directly to him. He kept for himself the posts of Acting President and Defense Minister, and he obviously does not consider the jobs temporary; he announced that the general elections scheduled for next July will probably not be held before 1970.

Encouraging Atmosphere. Indonesia's main problems are economic, and in that area Suharto has begun to make a major impact. He has assembled the

best men available to doctor the economy and given them freedom to act. They have managed to cut inflation, for example, from 600% in 1965 to 60% this year. Suharto is particularly anxious to open the way for more private foreign investment, as well as to create a climate that will encourage other nations to grant loans. Japan's Premier Eisaku Sato, the highest ranking official visitor to Djakarta since Sukarno's downfall, found the atmosphere there so encouraging last week that Japan may provide a third of Indonesia's goal of \$600 million in foreign credits for next year.

The economic problem is complicated by Indonesian antagonism toward the country's 3,000,000 Chinese, who control some 70% of the country's businesses. After the Peking-inspired attempt to grab Indonesia by coup, the Indonesian public turned on the Chinese in their midst in a bitter pogrom, thus further upsetting the country's frail economy. Outside big cities and district capitals, Chinese may no longer own businesses. Chinese schools have been closed, Chinese organizations disbanded and Chinese papers banned except for two run by the government. "There are too many of them," says Foreign Minister Malik, "it is impossible to repatriate them." Instead, Suharto has set up a special bureau to deal with the problem, hopes eventually to gain the loyalty of the Chinese.

Pressured by anti-Communist rioting by students, who have attacked the Chinese in Djakarta, Suharto's government is threatening to suspend relations with China. But it has not yet made the move, and neither side really wants to go that far (Indonesia has also kept up its relations with Hanoi). Premier Sato last week urged Suharto to hang on to the present arrangement, which, even if it produces only an exchange of angry notes, at least keeps open the lines of communication.

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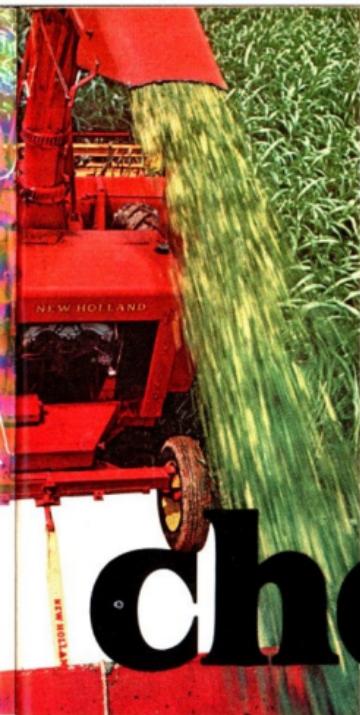
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PEOPLE

With its usual combination of chic and cheek, Women's Wear Daily floated the most elegant rumor of the year—that Jacqueline Kennedy, 38, would announce her engagement to Britain's David Ormsby Gore, Lord Harlech, 49, former British Ambassador to the U.S., a 13-year friend of the Kennedys, and a widower since his wife was killed in a car crash last May. His lordship, in Washington at the beginning of a lecture tour, put down the report as having "no foundation," and Jackie denied it through her secretary. At week's end Lord Harlech, house-guesting at Robert Kennedy's Virginia estate, admitted that he has been invited to join Jackie and friends in a trip to Cambodia next month and would like to go along.

Five thousand miles from home, having just played a concert at the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv, Artur Rubinstein, 78, was greeting visitors in his dressing room. Among them was a tall fellow who walked up and said: "Permit me to introduce myself. I am your partner." "My partner?" asked the pianist in bewilderment. "Of course," replied the fellow. "I'm Sheldon Cohen, U.S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue." Rubinstein thought fast: "Hah! This time you've made a mistake. Right now I don't have a penny on me!" And with that, Artur turned his pockets inside out.

"Then, in a smiling way, I said to her: 'I can't concentrate on my gin rummy with your flapping mouth.' That really started something." Wow, did it ever. Judy Garland, 45, had barely finished that bit of smile talk when she got a face full of brandy tossed at her by Sherwin Filiberti, 28, wife of one of Judy's business partners and a companion on what was supposed to be a convivial Pan Am flight to London. The drink throwing was followed, Judy claimed, by a screaming three-hour family-type argument between the Filibertis—all of which upset the sensitive singer so much that she took the very next flight back to New York. "How high were you?" asked a reporter at Kennedy Airport. "Thirty-seven thousand feet," replied Judy sweetly.

Lady Bird Johnson, 54, was only promoting her national beautifications program, but 46 Williams College undergraduates decided that a Johnson is a Johnson and walked out in protest against her husband's prosecution of the Viet Nam war. Unfazed by their departure, the First Lady spoke for 25 minutes about conservation, accepted an honorary Litt.D. degree for her "concern for the natural beauty of this country." Next day at Yale, Lady Bird boosted her program again despite a silent "vigil" by 1,000 Yalies. The university came across with no honorary degree, but the Political Union did contribute



LORD HARLECH & JACKIE
Elegant rumor.

a baby gift for Grandson Lyn Nugent—a stuffed musical bulldog that plays *Boola-Boola*.

Antarctica's Mount Herschel doesn't ring in the ear with quite the glory of an Everest, but the direction is up, and that's good enough for New Zealand's Sir Edmund Hillary, 48. Hillary is leading a team of seven New Zealanders and an Aussie in an assault on the unclimbed 11,700-ft. peak, will then do a bit of "adventuring" in his first trip to the Antarctic since his journey to the South Pole in 1958. "I will be fit enough to chug about," said Everest's conqueror, "but I certainly won't be one of the bullets of the party."

Simple, o'erbounding girlish exuberance led Lynda Bird Johnson, 23, to her mama's bedroom door at three o'clock that August morning. When Mama wasn't there, she crept into her

* With Caroline at the Kennedy Memorial in Rannymede, England, in May 1965.

daddy's bedroom. "Who is it?" asked Lady Bird, waking up with a start, and in a moment the President woke up too. Then, as they guessed what Lynda Bird was driving at, the Johnsons hauled their eldest daughter into bed with them and listened to her tell the news of her decision to marry Chuck Robb. Now the story has been broken in all its homely detail by the Washington Post, which pirated Lynda Bird's own account of the episode from the still-unreleased November issue of *McCall's*.

On the sound theory that it would never do to appear bareheaded at her coronation, Iran's Empress-to-be Farah Diba, 28, invited five of the world's premier jewelers to design a headpiece for this month's solemnification. Some 50 original designs were winnowed to three, of which Farah Diba selected one created by Pierre Arpels, 47, managing director of the Paris branch of Van Cleef & Arpels. Feeling like a man loose "amongst the treasures of *The Thousand and One Nights*," Arpels chose 1,469 diamonds, 36 rubies, 36 emeralds and 105 pearls from the royal jewels in Iran's Central Bank, spent six months fashioning them into a crown that is literally priceless—though one sporty Iranian banker has put an unofficial figure of \$15 million on the Empress' lovely headpiece.

In his new posture as all-round team player, gigantic Bounceballer Wilt Chamberlain, 31, no longer scores more points than all the rest of the Philadelphia 76ers put together. He out-salaries the whole bunch of them, though. Fresh off his success in leading the 76ers to the National Basketball Association title last season—his first team championship in eight years in the league—Chamberlain held out until eight days before the season began, finally accepted a \$50,000 pay boost, to \$250,000—wages about double those of any other regularly employed U.S. athlete and slightly higher than those paid the erstwhile money champ, Brazilian Soccer Player Pelé.



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JULIAN JAVIER

Who are the Little Leaguers now?

BASEBALL

The Day the Old Pros Won

Sports fans, like 19th century novelists and Avis executives, believe in handicap justice. And when No. 2 manages heroics despite hardship, the cheering section becomes legion. Of the 200 million or so people tuned in to the Series around the world last week, the folks in St. Louis and unreconstructed admirers of expert, well-rounded baseball teams were rooting for the Cardinals. Just about everybody else was discovering why the Red Sox—a 200-to-1 shot for the American League pennant and a 2-to-3 underdog in the Series—had cost Boston its Brahmin cool all summer long. As the Sox, down one game to three, incredibly fought to tie it all up at 3-3, the carillon of Boston's Park Street Church pealed out *The Impossible Dream*, the city's No. 1 ecclesiastical fan—Richard Cardinal Cushing—bestowed a blessing on the team, and the Boston fire department announced that it would sound every siren it owned the minute the Red Sox won the seventh and final game.

Sweet Revenge. Impossible dreams have a way of ending. In that seventh game, Manager Red Schoendienst's cool, precisely professional Cardinals picked up and flew away with the Series, giving Boston only three hits and two runs, while clobbering five pitchers for ten hits and seven runs themselves. Red Sox Triple Crown Slugger Carl Yastrzemski, with nine hits and three homers in the first six games, managed only a single in four trips to the plate. Righthander Jim Lonborg, trying for a third Series victory on two days rest, came out wild and weary. Manager Dick Williams kept praying until the sixth inning, then mercifully took him out. By then, St. Louis had a six-run lead and the game was long gone.

For the Cards, it was sweet revenge against the youngster who had handled them like Little Leaguers in his two previous starts. Every Redbird but Orlando Cepeda got on base. There was Shortstop Dal Maxvill, only .227 for the season, booming out a tremendous triple to start everything off in the third inning. And Castoff Yankee Roger Maris, driving in still another run, his seventh of the Series, to prove that he's the money player everybody said he wasn't. And Second Baseman Julian Javier, batting cleanup by default during Cepeda's slump and pounding out a three-run, sixth-inning homer. Then there was Lou Brock. In six games, he had collected ten hits, stolen four bases and scored seven runs. So in the seventh he rapped out two more hits—and proceeded to steal three more bases, thus breaking a Series record set way back in 1909 by Honus Wagner. "My boy Lou," said Red, "stole everything but the lobster from Boston Harbor."

Not Even at Ticktacktoe. If ever a player earned the "most valuable" honor in a Series it was Pitcher Bob Gibson, winner of the first, fourth and now the seventh games. "I don't even let my ten-year-old daughter beat me at ticktacktoe," said Gibson. "If there's one thing I can't stand, it's to lose." Ten Boston batters struck out trying to get hold of his searing fastball, then Gibson frosted his own cake by smashing a fifth-inning home run into the centerfield stands. When the statisticians added up, his Series record came to 27 innings of brilliant pitching, with 14 hits and a thin total of three runs for Boston. That was enough to put Bob in the books, tied with another oldtime idol, Christy Mathewson, for winning the most games in a single Series. And it was more than enough to earn Gibson the outstanding-player award, plus the sports car that goes with it.

Not that "El Birdos," as Cepeda calls them, can afford four wheels of their own. The victory meant a fat paycheck of \$8,900 per man, v. \$5,600 for the Red Sox. Something else too. Just before their homeward-bound jet took off from Boston—and as the first of 8,000 welcomees arrived at St. Louis' Lambert Airport—a surprise message was telegraphed from the White House inviting the Cardinals to stop over in Washington for a presidential reception. Owner August A. Busch Jr., an old L.B.J. pal, regrettably declined. Wired Gussie: "Our fans are waiting."

FOOTBALL

Bottoms Up

One thing about football experts: they do have to keep an open mind. In the preseason college polls, sportswriters figured this year to be much like last. Mighty Notre Dame, No. 1 in 1966, was tapped to be champion again, followed by Alabama (No. 3 last year), Michigan State (No. 2), Texas, Miami, Georgia, U.S.C., U.C.L.A., Tennessee and Colorado. Yet as of the first week in October, the top five favorites had won only seven of 15 games after one of the most disastrous early seasons in anybody's history.

Notre Dame made mincemeat of California and Iowa (41-8, 56-6), but in between was sorely embarrassed by a 28-21 upset at the hands of Purdue's unranked Boilermakers. Alabama was lucky to emerge with a 37-37 tie against equally unranked Florida State, before getting up steam again little Southern Mississippi and Ole Miss. Michigan State suffered the humiliation of a decade, losing 37-7 to a surprising Houston team that everybody had overlooked, lost again to U.S.C. before finally posting a win over Wisconsin, Texas? Defeated by both U.S.C. and Texas Tech before venting its frustration on Oklahoma State. Miami? An-



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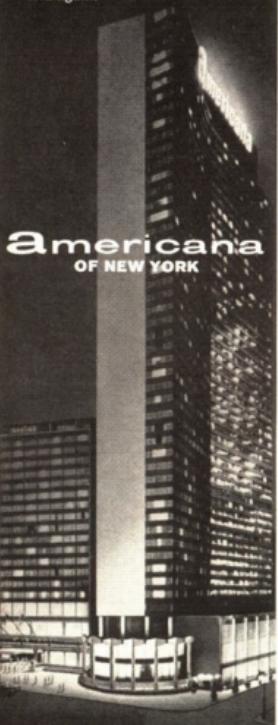
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other two-time loser—to Northwestern and Penn State—before seeing some sunlight against Tulane.

So it was bottoms up in the experts' polls last week, with four-time winner U.S.C. ranked No. 1, closely followed by Purdue, which dumped its first three opponents in splendid spoiler-maker form. Then came Georgia, a three-time victor, and U.C.L.A., winner of four straight. Michigan State, Texas, Miami and Tennessee were nowhere to be found in the top ten. Alabama was rated seventh, and Notre Dame was languishing unhappily in the No. 5 spot. But it's a long season, and as the Fighting Irish's Coach Ara Parseghian says: "Nobody wants to be No. 1 in September—only in December." Not that Ara can expect to find any surprises in his own Christmas stocking: at week's end Notre Dame absorbed a 24-7 shelling from Coach Johnny McKay's surprising U.S.C. Trojans, a result that could only cement U.S.C.'s claim to No. 1 and send the Irish even further down the ratings.

The Great One

Apart from its size (27,878 students), one of the most noteworthy things about U.C.L.A. is its location: Westwood, Calif., which as the T-bird flies is only 8½ miles from the corner of Hollywood and Vine. That undoubtedly accounts for the fact that while U.C.L.A. has produced five Rhodes scholars, it also holds the collegiate record for centerfold cuties in Playboy. Everything at U.C.L.A. is strictly wide-screen. Its coeds are the cuddliest, its hippies are the hip-est (one commutes in a Continental convertible decorated with fluorescent flowers), and its football team was undefeated in its first four games—thanks mainly to a 21-year-old quarterback who looks like Marlon Brando, talks like Gary Cooper and plays like Our Gang.

Meet Gary Beban, or as he is known to adoring Bruin fans, the Great One. Outside of his bowlegged running style (the better to evade enemy tacklers with) and outsize hands (the better to throw "the bomb" with), there is nothing physically remarkable about Beban; he stands an even 6 ft. and weighs 195 lbs. Nor is Gary a whiz kid—"It has only been lately that I've taken school seriously," he admits—although he is a B student (major: history) and sometimes complains that "professors ignore me because they know I'm an athlete." It is Beban's flair for the dramatic that makes him 1) the most exciting college football player in the U.S. and 2) an odds-on bet to win the Heisman Trophy come season's end.

SITUATION: the 1965 "big game" with Archival Southern Cal. U.C.L.A. trails by ten points with only 4 min. left to play. What happens? Sophomore Beban throws a 34-yd. pass for one touchdown, a 52-yd. pass for another, and U.C.L.A. wins, 20-16.

SITUATION: the 1966 Rose Bowl game against Michigan State, the No. 1-

ranked team in the nation and a 14½ point favorite to beat U.C.L.A., ranked fifth. Beban scores two TDs (setting up one with a 27-yd. pass) as the Bruins upset the mighty Spartans, 14-12.

SITUATION: the 1967 season opener against Tennessee. Twice Beban has rallied his team from deficits of 0-7 and 3-13. Now, with 4 min. left, U.C.L.A. again trails, 13-16. The Bruins have the ball, fourth and two on the Tennessee 27, and Coach Tommy Prothro calls Beban to the sideline. "I want you," he says, "to run one more great play." Gary nods. Next play, he tucks the ball under his arm, wriggles to his right, cuts back, outruns five Tennessee linemen, breaks two tackles in the sec-

JACK SHEETZ



U.C.L.A.'S BEBAN

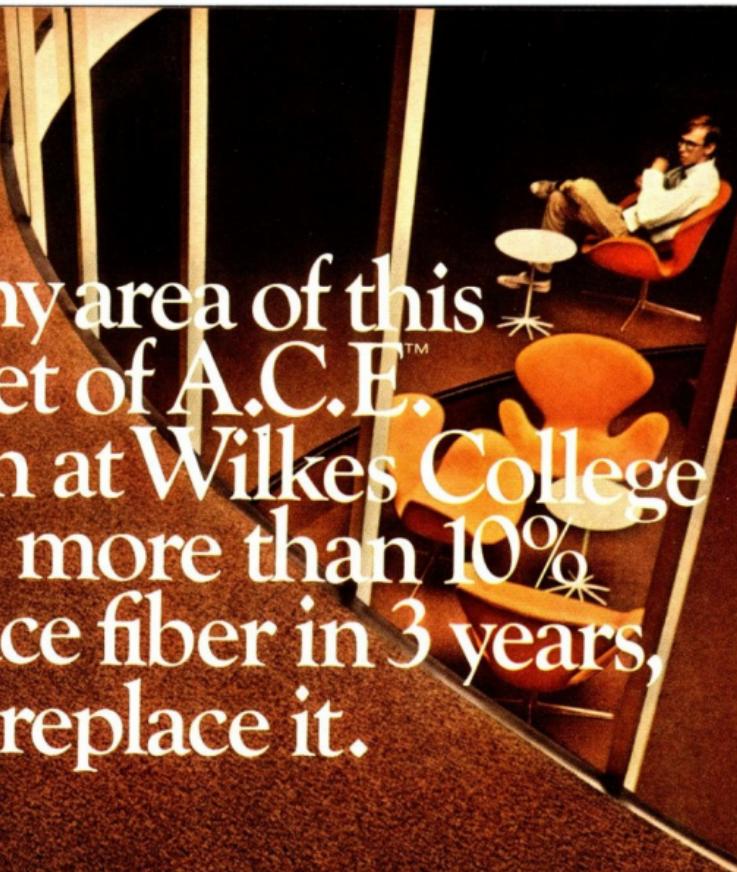
Bombs from a bowlegged Brando.

ondary, and scampers into the end zone to give U.C.L.A. a 20-16 victory.

There is more—lots more. In 2½ seasons, Quarterback Beban has rewritten the U.C.L.A. record book, passing for 3,126 yds., running for another 1,142 yds., scoring 30 touchdowns. Just two weeks ago, he tallied the winning TD as the No. 3-ranked Bruins squeaked past Penn State 17-15 for their fourth straight victory of 1967. Such heart-stopping heroics have become so commonplace that Coach Prothro admits to a certain ennui: "I've gotten to where I expect so much from Gary that he doesn't impress me any more."

The roster of the unimpressed includes Beban himself, who for anonymity's sake refuses to wear his letterman's jacket on campus. It does not, of course, include the pros. "I don't know anything about professional football," insists Coach Prothro, "and what's more, I don't care to know anything. But do they run the ball? Do they throw it? If they do, Beban should be just the sort of player they are looking for."

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"It doesn't have enough heater and vent outlets." So now we have 6.

"It has too many little windows."

So we built giant ones. "The windshield wipers are too small." So we built giant wipers (to go along with the giant windows). "It's kind of homely," someone finally said. "Can you make it beautiful?" Nope.



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THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

What the Session Holds

Even when it decides not to decide, the Supreme Court decides a great deal. So it was last week when the court chose not to review a desegregation decision appealed by Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas; the effect will be that all six states must comply with a federal court of appeals order directing an immediate speedup in the integration of all public schools. The court also refused to interfere with Pennsylvania's practice of transporting students to parochial schools, thus leaving for another day further practical definition of the line between church and state. Jimmy Hoffa will stay in jail because the court declined to reconsider its decision upholding his jury-tampering conviction. To Martin Luther King, another refusal to reconsider meant that he will probably soon go to jail for five days in connection with a 1963 civil rights demonstration in Birmingham that violated a court injunction.

Important though such decisions not to review are, the court will soon be doing the more demanding work of actually ruling on vital issues. In announcing which cases it will hear, it indicated the shape of the 1967-68 term. In one case, the court will consider whether the one-man, one-vote doctrine should be extended beyond the states to local governments. The nine Justices will also decide whether the Sixth Amendment guaranteeing a jury trial should include all state misdemeanor cases for the first time.

Bugging. The court has agreed to rule on whether seamy, sex-oriented publications and movies may properly be banned for juveniles. Another case asks whether a chronic alcoholic can constitutionally be jailed for public drunkenness. The court will have to mull over the traditional judicial reluctance to interfere with prison administration when it reviews a federal court order to desegregate Alabama jails and prisons. It will also decide whether prohibition of draft-card burning is unconstitutional (as the First Circuit Court of Appeals has held) or constitutional (as the Second and Eighth have held).

Taking a further look at the right to privacy, the court has agreed to rule whether or not an unconstitutional search occurs when a phone booth is bugged by a device on top of but not physically penetrating the booth. It will also decide whether various state laws permitting police to stop and frisk a suspicious person violate the constitutional ban on unreasonable searches. And, in still another case involving the rights of a potential criminal defendant, it will consider whether requiring the purchase of a federal gambling stamp constitutes unlawful compulsion to provide self-incriminatory information.

STATE CONSTITUTIONS

Tough to Write a Good One

"A constitution," said Justice Benjamin Cardozo, "states, or ought to state, not rules for the passing hour but principles for an expanding future." In the U.S., most state constitutions pay no heed to Cardozo's dictum.

Instead, most begin by floridly invoking the help of what at least one refers to as "the Great Legislators of the Universe." From there, they wander. A wordy example is Louisiana's 1,000-page backbreaker, which gets into such minute areas as declaring Huey Long's birthday forever a legal holiday. Georgia's offers \$250,000 to the state's first discoverer of oil. California's exempts from taxation certain "fruit- and nut-bearing trees under the age of four years." Such details belong in the statutory code, not the constitution.

Tauter & Trimmer. Recognizing the need for modernization, a growing number of states are convening constitutional conventions (ConCons to headline writers). Maryland's has just got underway, and 22 other states are considering or have recently finished similar undertakings. As ConCons go, the one that met in New York last summer was no better or worse than most others. And after laboring nearly six months in Albany and spending \$10 million on the project, the Democratic-controlled body produced a document that was generally tauter, trimmer and improved.

Perhaps as worthwhile as any other achievement is the fact that the new constitution is only 23,000 words long —v. 47,000 in the old one. Under the new provisions, citizens were explicitly given standing to sue the state for the first time. The diverse local welfare programs will be taken over administratively and financially by the state within the next decade. A new truth-in-billing clause requires a clear statement of interest costs to credit buyers. The Governor's office is empowered to make needed administrative reforms. A "community development" provision authorizes public grants and loans to the private sector for improvement of economic opportunities and slums, and the state is at last allowed to increase its borrowing without having to go constantly to the voters.

Such were some of the pluses. ConCon also produced some minuses —none more emotional than the inaccurately named Blaine Amendment.*

* In 1875, James G. Blaine of Maine, Speaker of the House of Representatives, proposed a stiff (and unsuccessful) church-state separation amendment to the U.S. Constitution. When a similar proposal was eventually incorporated into New York's constitution, it became known as the Blaine Amendment. In 1884, Republican Blaine ran for the presidency, was blamed for saying (though he did not) that the Democratic Party was one of "rum, Romanism and rebellion," and lost to Grover Cleveland.

The clause prohibited New York from aiding "any institution of learning wholly or in part under the direction or control of any religious denomination." The new constitution opens the door to aid to private schools, religious or otherwise, so long as their rolls are open to persons of any race, creed or color.

On balance, Bobby Kennedy liked the new constitution, so did the AFL-CIO state executive. New York's Roman Catholic archdiocese was delighted, since its parochial school system is in bad financial straits. But all three of New York City's major dailies came out against it. So did leaders of the League of Women Voters, the nonpartisan Citizens Union, the New York Civil Liberties Union, the Conservative Party and the Liberal Party. The religious

PATRICK BURNS—THE NEW YORK TIMES

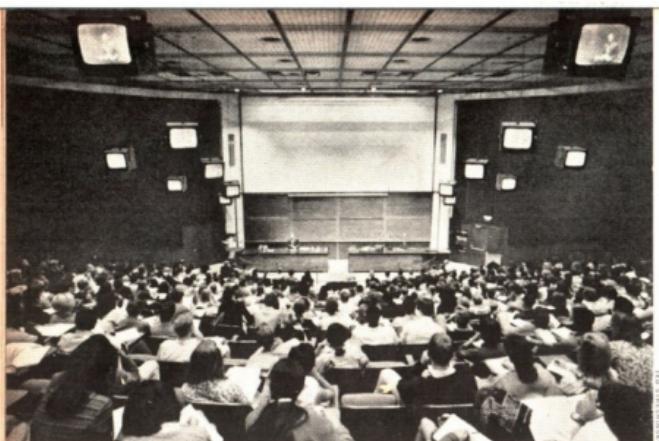


CONCON DEBATE IN ALBANY

One big plus in the 24,000 minuses.

schooling controversy, old-fashioned as it is, was threatening to sink the constitution completely. Then last week in a surprising move, Governor Nelson Rockefeller came out in favor.

Rocky had earlier released his budget director's estimate that the new constitution would cost the state an extra \$23 billion over the next decade and would require an 80% increase in all state taxes; such frighteningly high figures seemed to imply that he was opposed. But on the Blaine issue, the Governor saw "no reason why the New York State Constitution should be more restrictive in this regard than the Constitution of the United States." And faced with the problem of having to throw out the good with the bad in the lumped-together, take-it-or-leave-it ConCon package, Rocky chose to take the bad with the good. He announced that he would vote yes—and then try to get what he did not like changed later. New York's voters will get a chance to render their decision next month.



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an advantage previously limited to students nearest the professor's podium. Thus Colorado State uses 200 tapes in 23 of its anatomy courses. Students on many campuses can check out a tape and view it in a personal study carrel in order to catch a lecture they missed or review it for an exam.

Preserve in Perpetuity. The durability of tape raises the possibility of recording the nation's best teachers to make them available on any campus. "We now have the capability," says the U.S. Office of Education's James Conner, "to preserve our teachers in perpetuity"—although the constant scholarly need for new interpretations of new research makes that a debatable necessity. In practice, each university likes to think that it can teach as well as the next, and little such exchange is going on. Stanford's Mechanical Engineering Professor Peter Bulkeley doubts that many schools really want to "buy their physics from M.I.T. and their theology from Union Theological Seminary." Another hindrance to exchange is the proliferation of incompatible television systems—a tape produced at one school may not fit the equipment of another. Despite such obstacles, Berkeley is finding off-campus use for its videotapes by Physicist Edward Teller's introductory course. Plans to link campuses by television are proceeding in several regions, including California, New York and Indiana.

The biggest handicap to wider use of TV is a residual prejudice against the tape techniques among students and faculty. Many professors hate to change their way of doing things, claim they can teach better in a live exchange with students, although Wisconsin Associate Geology Professor Louis Maher contends that "when you have 200 students in one group, you tend to lecture to the walls anyway." Extensive use of tape is likely to force professors to specialize more: one may become the stirring lecturer, another a skilled lab-type demonstrator, another an inspiring seminar leader. After years of academic pressure to get into college, many students resent being asked to sit in front of what they consider "an idiot box"—even if a genius is on the screen.

Despite such resistance, proof of videotape's viability shows up in almost every study of its effectiveness. After 400 experiments comparing TV instruction with conventional teaching at Penn State, researchers found that the grey screen conveys information at least as effectively as a live professor.

ACADEMIC POLICY

The Eye or the Finger?

In colonial Williamsburg, where Thomas Jefferson submitted a visionary plan for common schools that would provide for "more general diffusion of knowledge" in 1779, Lyndon Johnson last week called the persistence of worldwide illiteracy one of the "shocking facts of the 20th century." Eloquent—

EDUCATION

TEACHING The Viability of Video

One answer to soaring college enrollment and the surging cost of professors is to put the prof in front of a television camera and simultaneously pipe him into numerous classrooms. Better yet, just record his performance on videotape, use it repeatedly, and free the teacher to do something else—possibly even to talk with students. Today more and more colleges are finding that not only is a taped professor as informative as a live one, but he seldom turns sour and never grows weary of talking.

The use of televised lectures and demonstrations, either live or on tape, has firmly established itself at many big public universities as the key to more efficient scheduling. Last year 28,000 of Ohio State's 41,000 students took some of their work, mostly math and biology, by television. Michigan State carried 27 courses a term over a TV network that linked 137 classrooms and 300 monitors, required a 20-page log to itemize the offerings. The University of Minnesota reaches 30,000 of its students a year through 50 televised courses, mostly on tape. Colorado State University is using TV in 73 courses this year, transmits some 25,000 student-hours of instruction weekly. The Berkeley campus of the University of California has a library of 330 reels of taped teaching, can feed any of them into 28 classrooms at once.

Telltale Tube. When videotape became economically practical a few years ago, some schools rushed to put entire courses into a can. Most have since found that students and faculty alike grow bored with so much impersonality. The common practice now is to use tape as a teaching aid—perhaps a 25-

minute lecture on the central ideas presented in a classroom period or a graphic demonstration of key points, freeing the rest of the time for discussion. In an experiment at San Jose State College, half of the 1,200 students enrolled in a U.S. history course no longer meet in a vast auditorium; instead, they can sit in their dorms or in comfortable seminar rooms to catch the taped lectures at their convenience, then meet in small groups to discuss the topic with a live professor. After putting some of his lectures on tape, Wisconsin Zoologist Donald H. Bucklin reports that he has time to see many more students for consultation in his office. Botanist Walter B. Welch of Southern Illinois University, who found that taping lectures was "one of the hardest jobs I ever did," says he covers much more ground in the tightly organized tapings.

The taping process tends to sharpen a professor's delivery. Pauses and diversions that seem natural in a live setting glare painfully from a TV tube. So do a professor's platform idiosyncrasies—a nervous cough or twitch of the head. After watching themselves on tape, professors "learn what even their best friends won't tell them," notes Donley Feddersen, director of telecommunications at Indiana. They usually then work to improve their delivery. For some, there is little hope. "If you have a really bad professor, he is going to be worse on television," says the University of Wisconsin's TV Station Manager Steve Markstrom.

One of videotape's biggest advantages is that a costly or difficult laboratory demonstration can be done once, or erased and repeated until it is perfected, then magnified so that any student near a TV screen can see it clearly—

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ly addressing some 150 of the world's most distinguished scholars at an international conference on the world crisis in education. Johnson deplored the fact that man's "awesome talent for destruction" still competes with his "determination to build." He posed, as a key question of the age: "Can we train a young man's eye to absorb learning as eagerly as we train his finger to pull a trigger?"

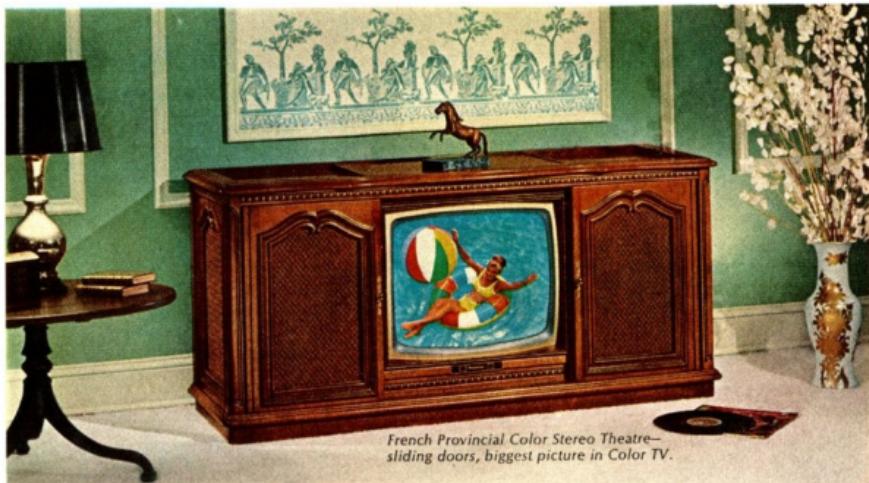
The conference, suggested by Johnson last fall and chaired by Cornell University President James Perkins, devoted five days to work sessions designed to set up priorities for closing the educational gap between the schools of developed and underdeveloped countries. The private talks tended to turn into what one participant termed "a brilliant exchange of misunderstanding"—mainly over what Britain's Barbara Ward called "a sense of tension between the Americans who are managers and the Europeans who are humanists." Generally, the argument was over whether a nation's educational system can be evaluated as a whole by comparing its aims with its means in a U.S.-style "systems analysis" approach or whether education is too complex for such treatment.

The conference's summary report, inevitably, stressed generalities. It urged each nation to collect "accurate and up-to-date information about its students, teachers, income and expenditures," set up colleges to train professional school administrators, pay its best teachers as much as it pays any of its other professionals. More concretely, the scholars called for less emphasis on traditional classical education, which "only prepares a student for the ranks of the unemployed," and recommended creation of a new international consortium of agencies to channel money into the schools of needy nations.

INTEGRATION

Testing Is the Payoff

In 1964, White Plains, N.Y. (pop. 55,000) became the nation's first city to abolish *de facto* segregation in its public school system by setting a 10% minimum and 30% maximum limit on Negro enrollment in any of its schools and by bussing Negro pupils to previously all-white or mostly white schools. Scholastically, White Plains' campaign has paid off. Negro pupils who attended integrated schools since first grade score from 5% to 15% higher on reading and arithmetic achievement tests than third-graders who took the same tests when integration began. Both these groups are doing better than Negro students who had completed sixth grade before 1964. White students at schools integrated since 1964 also had higher scores on most tests than did their predecessors in predominantly white neighborhood schools. Integration, moreover, has not provoked any flight of white students from public to private schools.



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'68 Impala coupes.

Dramatically new!
Fastback or formal.

Now America's most popular coupe, the Chevrolet Impala, comes in your choice of two personalities: (1) sleek and smart; (2) poised and commanding. Of course, if you look at the two straight on, you have trouble telling them apart. Both have Chevrolet's new full-depth grille, sweeping new hood lines, and Hide-A-Way wipers.





Above: Fastback Impala Sport Coupe. Below: Impala Custom Coupe with new formal roof line.



MARK OF EXCELLENCE

A MORE SILENT RIDE

Both are unbelievably smooth and silent-riding cars. Chevrolet engineers have used electronic computers to analyze potential noises and vibrations and nip them in the bud. Exclusive new double-cushioned rubber body mounts, strategically located, result in a library-quiet ride that puts Impala

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PROVED SAFETY FEATURES

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You can't top a 1968 Chevrolet Impala Coupe. No matter which roof line you decide to go with.



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Your proof's in the Kentucky Distilling Records that tell what distillers spend making their Bourbons.

We buy the most expensive grains to make Old Fitzgerald. Then we squeeze them just enough to get the first rich mash. And stop. We get less Bourbon, but we get more flavor. Roy Hawes here, our Master Distiller makes sure of that.

Next we let it age. Slowly. We do nothing artificial to hurry things up. Since time is money, that costs us plenty.

Our Bourbon's been made like this 118 years now. We still think it's the only way.

Now if our Bourbon's the most expensive to make, isn't it the most expensive to buy?

No. Although for the price of a bottle of Old Fitzgerald you might get two bottles of ordinary Bourbon.

If you wanted ordinary Bourbon.

**Old Fitzgerald is the
most expensively made
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Original Bonded and 8-year old 86.8 proof Prime Straight.

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Editorial Unease

A gradual shift has taken place in the support that a majority of U.S. newspapers had been giving President Johnson's policies in Viet Nam.

Typical is the change that has come over the Los Angeles Times. A recent editorial served notice that it would deplore any extension of the war by invading North Viet Nam, bombing or blockading the port of Haiphong or even adding many new targets to be bombed. There is a "growing danger," said the paper, "that the means being used to prevent a Communist takeover may soon pass beyond the military boundaries which define limited war." According to Editorial Director James Bassett, "There's been an evolution in our thinking. As we begin to come up against the last of the options, we become gravely concerned about proliferation of the war and the limits to which our offensive actions should go in Viet Nam."

Too Rigid for Peace. It is this concern about getting too deeply involved that is most often expressed in editorials. "There must be a better way to carry on this war and bring it to an honorable conclusion," said Virginias Dabney's Richmond Times-Dispatch. "As things are going now, it will never end

is not showing enough resourcefulness as a peacemaker. While supporting the recent troop increase in Viet Nam, the Minneapolis Tribune fretted: "Reluctant as we are to criticize the President's handling of the war, escalation of the bombing in such a dangerous way makes us wonder whether the Administration is in a rut and needs some fresh thinking about our entire Asian policy." Usually an eloquent backer of the President's Viet Nam policy, the Washington Post was disturbed by his latest comments on the war. "The President's speech and other Administration pronouncements are beginning to be colored by a fixity and rigidity that does not encourage belief that the strategy and tactics of diminishing the scale of the effort always get full examination."

Some papers have become disillusioned with the bombing, and urge that it be stopped to give negotiations a chance to get started. "Evidence continues to mount," noted the Atlanta Journal, "that the bombing does not now do, and never has done, what its strongest advocates have argued it might do. Bombings have been a serious inconvenience for North Viet Nam's efforts in the South, but virtually every reliable observer has reported that they also have been a mighty factor in building morale there." It is possible, the Journal granted, for the U.S. to bomb North Viet Nam out of existence. But "could it bring stability and resistance to Communism to Southeast Asia? The spectacle of the world's most powerful nation becoming obsessed with the destruction of a relatively insignificant Asian country, for whatever reason, is unseemly. It is foolish, too."

Resort to Humor. Other than stopping the bombing, the nation's editorialists seem at a loss for advice. A few have been driven to rather desperate proposals, such as the suggestion made by Detroit Free Press Editor Mark Ethridge Jr. to negotiate a U.S. withdrawal on grounds that the National Liberation Front's program for South Viet Nam is much akin to U.S. principles (TIME, Oct. 13). Otherwise, about all that is left the journalists is to resort to humor, as Richmond Times-Dispatch Columnist Ed Grimsley did last week. "Clearly what the country needs," he wrote, "is a defoliation expert—not to strip the jungles of Viet Nam but to defoliate the tangled thicket of contradictory views the Government officials, political leaders and journalistic pundits express on the war." Another Grimsley possibility: "Let Howard Hughes move into a Hanoi hotel and quietly buy up all of North Viet Nam before anybody knows what is going on."

Whatever their anxiety over the war, few papers propose extreme solutions, whether hawkish or dovish. In fact, they warn constantly against them and firmly counsel moderation.



BASSETT

Not much resourcefulness either.



DABNEY

and the U.S. will be bled white. It has become obvious that little progress is being made, despite the presence of 500,000 U.S. soldiers in Viet Nam." The same fear has been expressed by the Miami Herald. "Politically, militarily and most important, honorably," said the paper, "the time for change has come. The alternative is to fight the war on the terms dictated by the terrain, climate and enemy methods. This would probably require an invasion of North Viet Nam and the deployment of tens of thousands of fresh troops from the U.S."

Many papers complain that Johnson

Twitting the Brass

The least popular publication at the Pentagon is the Overseas Weekly, a racy tabloid that caters to the G.I. and competes with the official military paper, Stars and Stripes. It is not so much the competition that bothers the Pentagon as the fact that the Overseas Weekly never tires of twisting the military establishment. In between gobs of cheesecake and lurid crime stories, it exposes such eccentricities as the colonel who was able to commit an enlisted



TIM PAGE



WILFRID ETHRIDGE



ROSPACH

BRYAN

Limited, but no less bumptious.

man to a psychiatric ward because the man had defended his friends at court-martial. Or the officers who punished two G.I.s by tying them together and leading them around like dogs on a leash. Not to mention former Major General Edwin Walker, who was discovered by the Weekly back in 1961 to be indoctrinating his troops with John Birch Society propaganda.

In 1953, the Pentagon tried to ban the Weekly from military newsstands in Europe, but Congressmen objected. Two years ago, when the Weekly applied for permission to be sold at PX newsstands in the Far East, it got a firm no. Last year, the paper asked for an injunction against the ban in a federal District Court, but the court ruled that the Pentagon could distribute what "merchandise" it pleased. This month, however, a U.S. Court of Appeals reversed the lower court and ruled that the Weekly was entitled to a court trial to prove that the ban amounted to censorship. The Pentagon has 90 days in which it can appeal the decision to the U.S. Supreme Court, go to trial—or drop the matter and start distributing the Weekly in the Far East.

Beards Are Out. The ban has hurt circulation (30,000 in Europe, 15,000 in Asia), but the Weekly has grown no less bumptious. "We like to hire a man



Photo by Billie Johnson/Perspective

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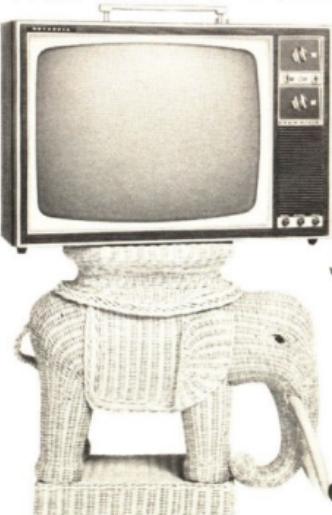
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It's instant etiquette in a pocket packet. Pick up some
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*Solid state except for rectifier.

in his 20s who has been discharged in Europe and feels strongly about correcting military injustices," says Editor Curtis Daniell, 32. There seem to be plenty of candidates for the job, even though the Weekly pays reporters only \$70 a week to start—and beards are banned. "If the Army sees a beard, they think you're a Communist," says Publisher Marion Rospach, 42, who got fed up with her job on Stars and Stripes and founded the Weekly in 1950.

Along with a heavy dose of antimilitarism, staffers get a good grounding in investigative reporting on the Weekly; many move on to jobs with more illustrious publications. Pacific Editor Ann Bryan, 35, formerly managing editor of the Weekly's sister publication, *The Family*, is praised even by officers in Viet Nam. Without sacrificing femininity, the comely redhead has repeatedly gone out into the field under fire and written knowledgeably about combat troops.

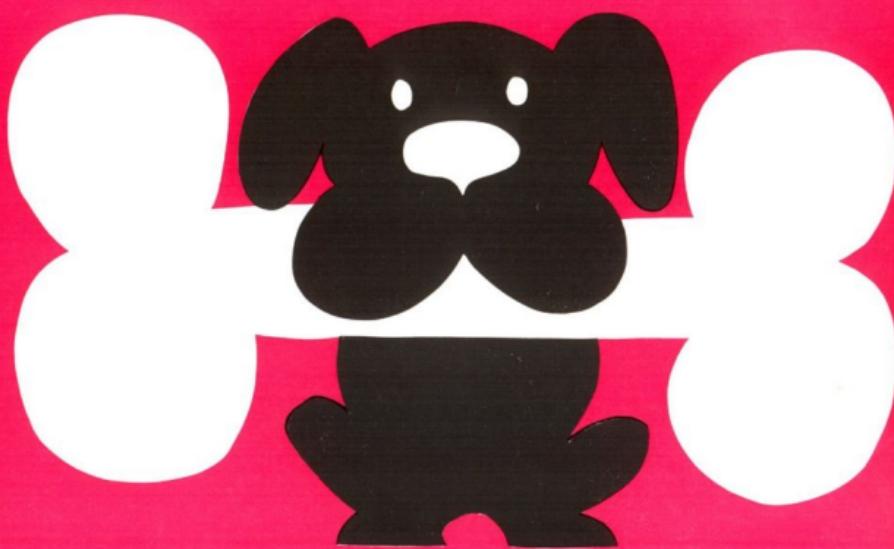
Question of Competition

In an unprecedented application of the Clayton Act, Federal District Judge Warren J. Ferguson last week ordered the Times Mirror Co., publisher of the Los Angeles Times, to divest itself of the San Bernardino Sun and Telegram, a pair of papers it acquired in 1964 for \$15 million. San Bernardino is 60 miles east of Los Angeles, and the company contended that its acquisition of the two papers did not change the journalistic situation in that area because there never had been much competition between the Times and the San Bernardino papers. But the judge took a different tack.

"The fact that two merging companies presently compete or do not compete is not the significant issue," said Ferguson in a 36-page opinion that ended trial of a suit brought by the Justice Department in 1965. The question, he said, was whether the merger tended to discourage future competition. "Congress has directed," he said, "that if its effect is anticompetitive, then there is a violation." It was the judge's contention that the acquisition prevented any other newspaper from coming into San Bernardino County in the future. "The evidence discloses that the San Bernardino County market has now been closed tight and no publisher will risk the expense of unilaterally starting a new daily newspaper there."

"The acquisition was particularly anticompetitive," he went on, "because it eliminated one of the few independent papers that had been able to operate successfully in the morning and Sunday fields." Nevertheless, the judge turned down the Justice Department's request for a permanent injunction against further acquisitions by the Times in San Bernardino. There are a few other small dailies published in the county; if one of them were failing, said Ferguson, its purchase by the Times might help preserve competition, not eliminate it.

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SCIENCE

ECOLOGY

Fighting for Aldabra

Almost 10% of the wildlife on the tiny raised atoll of Aldabra, 400 miles east of Africa, can be found nowhere else on earth. Owing to its isolation, Aldabra's ecosystem has remained unique. Soaring with 7-ft. wingspreads at altitudes of more than half a mile, hundreds of thousands of frigate birds, which use Aldabra as their major Indian Ocean nesting site, blot out the rays of the sun. Thousands of rare giant land tortoises, some 4-ft. across and weighing as much as 600 lbs., creep across the pitted coral and ridged limestone surface of the island. Tiny flightless rails nestle amidst Aldabra's bushy scrub and mangrove forests, while above them swoop red-footed boobies, sacred ibises and fruit-eating bats. Twenty of the island's plant species are nonexistent elsewhere in the world; so are a host of its insect inhabitants.

Aldabra, with only a tiny human colony on one of its islands, is to scientists a unique natural laboratory for the study of evolution; as early as 1874, Charles Darwin fought successfully to keep the atoll unsullied by man. Now British scientists once again have to fight for Aldabra. The opposing force: Her Majesty's Defense Ministry, which late last year announced that Britain was weighing the possibility of developing the island as a major airbase and satellite tracking station in cooperation with the U.S.

Collision Hazard. Building such a base on Aldabra would be an ecological disaster, said Britain's Royal Society of scientists in a memorandum to Defense Minister Denis Healey last May. Healey responded noncommittally, so the society mounted an eleven-man midsummer expedition to the island to prove its point.

This month, seven members of the group returned after studying Aldabra's

wildlife and the hazards posed to it by the construction of such a base. To establish an airstrip on Aldabra would require dredging and damming the atoll's 18-mile-long lagoon, creating a harbor and building a 13-mile causeway from the harbor to the airstrip. Such an invasion of bulldozers, concrete mixers and men, said the scientists, would irreversibly damage the ecosystem of the island. They added that the frigate birds would constitute one of the worst aircraft-collision hazards in the world. The frigate is a sea bird that spends its adolescent years far from the island, returning to mate only after it is mature. Each year, a new crop of adults arrives for the mating ritual, thus posing a problem to a architect that could last longer than a decade even if an extermination program were undertaken.

Healey has remained noncommittal. "No decision has yet been made on the use of Aldabra for defense purposes," he said. But the scientists were obviously unwilling to settle for bureaucratic vagueness. One biologist dryly noted that, of course, the giant land tortoise could always survive in the London Zoo. "The Union Jack flying over Aldabra is evidence of our custodianship of a biological treasure house," the magazine *New Scientist* reminded Healey. "It is not a license to kill."

EXOBIOLOGY

Gasbags of Venus

After four-month journeys through space, Russia's Venus 4 and the U.S. Mariner 5 spacecraft will both reach Venus this week. No matter what the space probes find, most scientists have already written off the possibility that Venusian life exists; the planet's apparent surface temperature is approximately 800° F., above the melting point of lead.

Just the same, say Astronomer and Exobiologist[®] Carl Sagan and Biophysicist Harold Morowitz, it is conceivable that earth's nearest planetary neighbor

* Exobiology: the science of extraterrestrial life.

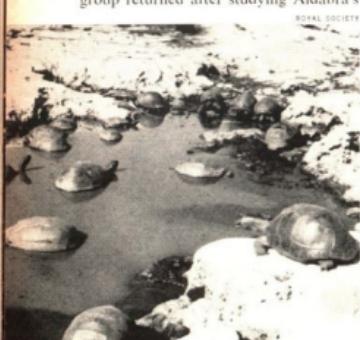
could be home to living organisms. In balloonlike form, Venusian life could float in the dense atmosphere, never approaching the searing surface.

In the Clouds. Of the planetary environments investigated so far by telescope and space probe, the scientists write in *Nature*, conditions in the atmosphere of Venus resemble those on earth more than anywhere else. In the lower Venusian clouds, they say, there is carbon dioxide, water and sunshine—prerequisites for photosynthesis. The temperatures are chilly, but above freezing. If small amounts of minerals were stirred up to the clouds from Venus' surface, the scientists believe that an indigenous biology—based entirely on biochemical principles observed on earth—could exist.

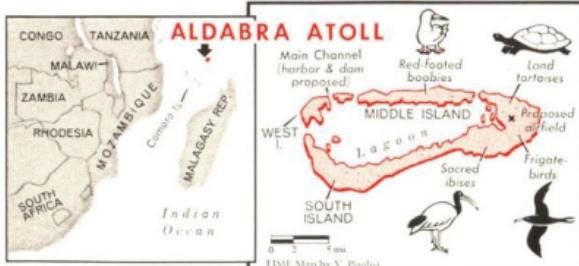
Because the organisms would encounter severe cold if they drifted farther up in the clouds, or extreme heat if they descended too far toward the surface, Morowitz and Sagan speculate that they must be regulated to hover at an essentially fixed altitude. Thus, the organisms could well take the form of a gasbag or float bladder containing hydrogen gas—which the organism itself could produce by decomposing water.

Greenhouse Effect. Depending on the thickness of the membrane, they calculate, the organisms could range from the size of a pingpong ball to more complex and thicker-skinned gas spheres many times larger. Despite their internal hydrogen, Sagan jokes scientifically, there would be little danger of miniature Hindenburg disasters; there is little or no free oxygen in the Venusian atmosphere to support an explosion of hydrogen.

To critics who point out that it would be difficult for life to arise spontaneously in the atmosphere, Morowitz and Sagan have a ready answer: it did not. Instead, they postulate, ancient Venus had a much thinner atmosphere; its surface, now overheated by the greenhouse effect of a thick carbon-dioxide-filled atmosphere, was once cool enough to spawn life. As more gas was spewed into the atmosphere by volcanic action, however, the surface temperatures gradually became unbearable and could have driven the more buoyant organisms into the clouds, where they evolved and may well exist today.



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TIME Map by V. Puglisi

IMPERIAL

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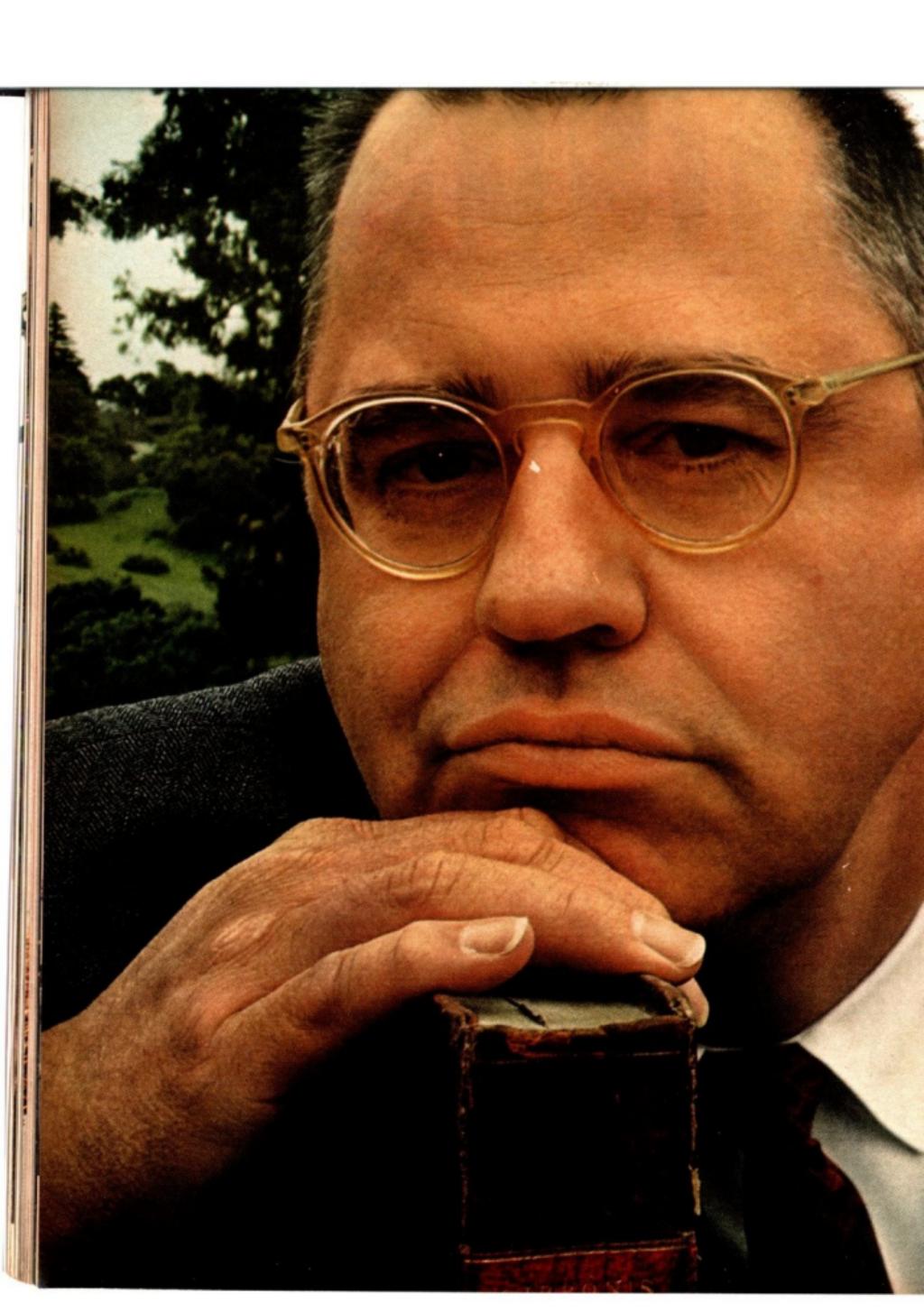
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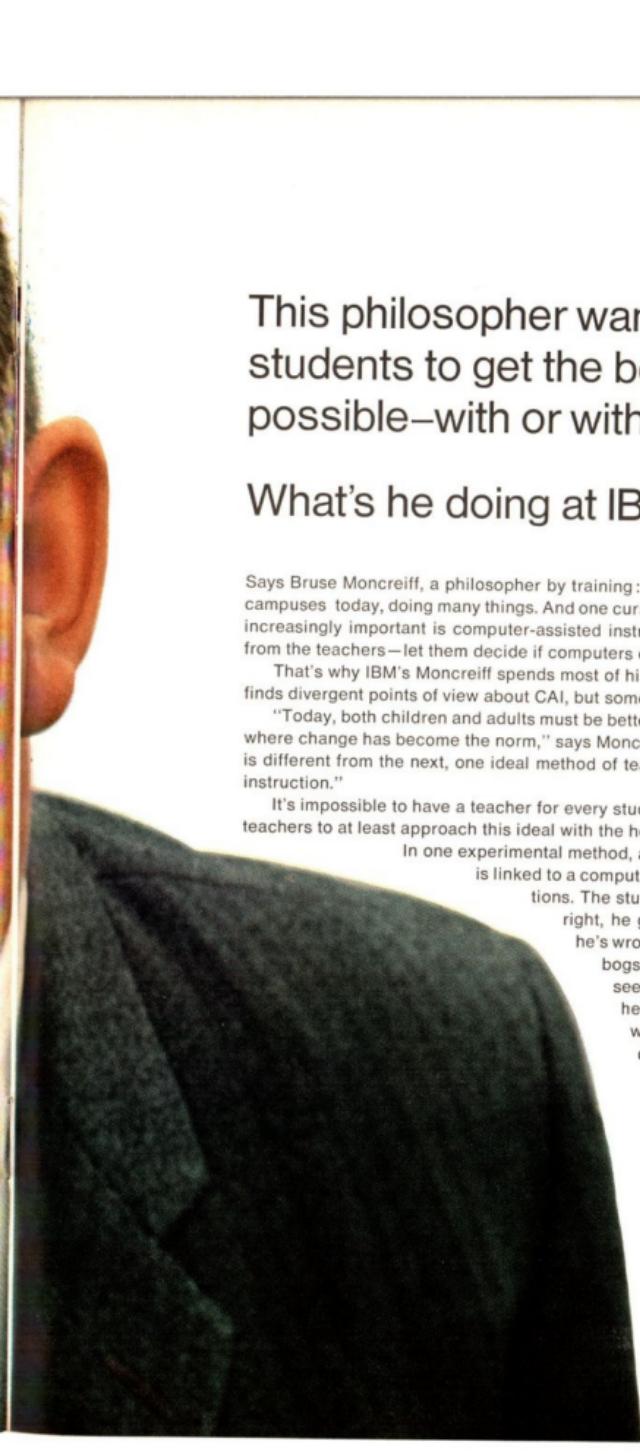
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This philosopher wants tomorrow's students to get the best teaching possible—with or without computers.

What's he doing at IBM?

Says Bruse Moncreiff, a philosopher by training: "You'll find computers on many campuses today, doing many things. And one current experiment which may prove increasingly important is computer-assisted instruction (CAI). But we must learn from the teachers—let them decide if computers can be useful as a teaching aid."

That's why IBM's Moncreiff spends most of his time working with teachers. He finds divergent points of view about CAI, but some things are clear.

"Today, both children and adults must be better educated, to survive in a world where change has become the norm," says Moncreiff. "And because each person is different from the next, one ideal method of teaching is one-to-one—individual instruction."

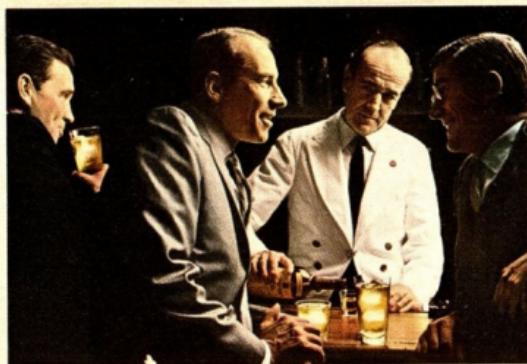
It's impossible to have a teacher for every student. But it might be possible for teachers to at least approach this ideal with the help of computers.

In one experimental method, a student sits at a typewriter that is linked to a computer. The computer types out questions. The student types back answers. If he's right, he gets a more difficult question. If he's wrong, he gets a hint; and if he really bogs down, the suggestion, "better see your teacher." The teacher can help the student where he needs it, while the other members of the class continue uninterrupted.

"The computer's role as a teaching aid demands hard thought," says Moncreiff. "Promising as it may seem to us, we must take our lead from those who know the most—the teachers themselves. It is they who will have the final say."

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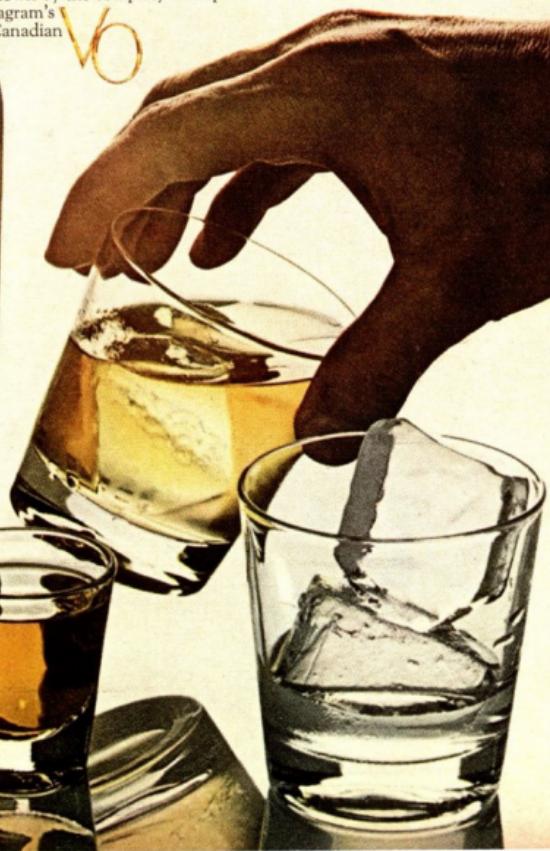
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But sometimes antithetical for legs parenthetical.



LEWIS KASPER

BOOTS: THIGH, KNEE & HIP

FASHION

Up with Legs

Women's fashions have never been leggier. And so, with skirts still riding well above their knees and winter's icy blasts already on their minds, women are searching for new ways to beat the now familiar problem of polar knee-cap. The surest bet seems to be boots, and all across the country women are besieging stores for this year's rage: high-rise stretch vinyl or synthetic-leather boots that pull on and off like gloves, and reach all the way up the thigh to the hip.

Smartest are those by Coty Award Winning Shoe Designers Herbert and Beth Levine, who charge up to \$75 for their fisherman's waders. Keeping the boots up is in itself a problem. "I give the woman three loops at the top, and the rest is up to her," says another high-style shoe designer, David Evins. "You cannot imagine what weird contraptions women have devised to hold them up." The Levines are more merciful: their boots also come with loops, plus a belt to hold the waders up.

Cry 'Bravado!' On the right pair of legs—ones that are young and slender—the boots can look devastatingly sexy. New York Fashion Plate Betsy Theodoracopoulos, who wears her skirts four inches above the knee, says that she likes the high-rise boots because "they give my legs a sleek stocking look, and besides, without them I'd look like an overgrown teen-ager." On fatter legs, they often verge on the ludicrous. "Have you ever seen a bowlegged girl wearing them?" asks a Boston secretary. "They look like patent-leather parentheses."

But lissome or heavy-legged, no woman seems content until she has at least tried them on. And for the first time, women find themselves wishing there was a dressing room in the shoe store. "There is just no way to be modest about trying on these hip waders," sighed a shoe customer at Manhattan's

Bonwit Teller. "I'll tell you how they feel," said one Washington boot buyer. "They feel hot." Yet, so much have boots become this year's look that they are sweeping even balmy Southern California. "I didn't think women would take to them because of the climate here," said I. Magnin Vice President Russell Carpenter, "but we can hardly keep them in stock." And when Gloria Swanson stalked onstage in Los Angeles recently in a tattersall miniskirt and shiny black hip boots, the whole audience instantly erupted with shouts of "Bravado!"

Ultimate Sparkle. For now, most of the boots are resting in the closet awaiting colder weather. Meanwhile, a profusion of colored, textured hosiery is keeping legs from being anything but dull. Out are last year's long stockings; in this year are panty hose and stocking tights, no matter that they cost more than twice the price of conventional stockings. To last year's white has been added both dark brown and black, either sheer or opaque. As for evening,

legs have never been so glittery. Choices range from silver sheen or shiny gold mesh hose that resemble chain mail to the ultimate in sparkle: real diamond-studded stockings that go all the way up to \$1,000 a pair.

TRANSPORTATION

Subways Can Be Beautiful

"The most squalid public environment of the U.S.: dank, dingily lit, fetid, raucous with screeching clatter." Thus Mayor Lindsay's task force on urban design characterized the New York City subway system last year. But the description applies just about as well to any of the nation's other three metropolitan subways. Riding underground in the U.S. is such an unpleasant experience that countless potential passengers simply avoid it, and their lost fares contribute significantly to chronic operating deficits.

The situation should soon begin to improve dramatically. Already existing underground systems are slated for extensive renewal. Faster and quieter passenger cars are now in the prototype stage. And the Federal Department of Housing and Urban Development is distributing grants around the country to such cities as Seattle, Atlanta, Los Angeles and Washington—all of which are planning to build new subways—to help them finance technical studies.

80-m.p.h. Bursts. Most heartening example of what a modern subway system can look like and accomplish is Montreal's new Métro. With its quiet, rubber-wheeled cars and elegant, uncluttered stations, it is, except for a lingering problem with the air conditioning, a positive pleasure. One year old this week, it has proved so popular that passenger traffic is running 50% higher than expected; the Métro has even generated an extra midday rush as executives have taken up the Eu-

PATRICIA L. HOLLANDER



BOSTON'S ARLINGTON STREET STATION
Cushions between the tracks, swan boats on the walls.

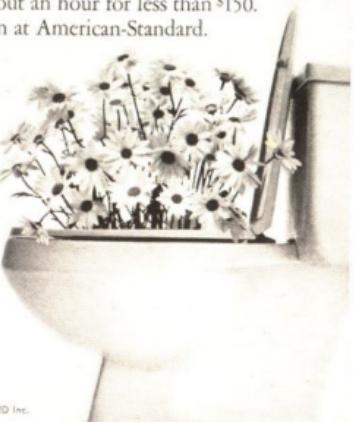
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ropean practice of going home for lunch. Montreal's present transit strike only points up the Métro's importance: by conservative estimate, 50,000 additional autos are clogging downtown streets because of the strike.

Spurred on by Montreal, San Francisco is making an all-out effort to have good design the hallmark of its \$1 billion-plus Bay Area Rapid Transit system, now under construction. About one-third of the 75-mile system will be underground, and Market and Mission streets are already being excavated. What San Franciscans will ride in when B.A.R.T. begins operations in 1970 is the latest in trains: streamlined, air-conditioned, 72-passenger cars that will average 50 m.p.h., with bursts up to 80 m.p.h., and will be directed by computers to run as close as 90 seconds apart during peak hours.

Convinced that the time has come to overhaul its antiquated and uncomfortable system, New York City's Transit Authority recently announced a \$5,800,000, six-station renovation program. It has also begun experimenting with air-conditioned, sound-proofed cars with fiber glass molded seats and hopes to cut down noise by laying rubber cushioning between the tracks and roadbed and by replacing short sections of track with longer, welded ones.

Images Against Chaos. Just how much can be done with a gloomy, old-fashioned station is being demonstrated in Boston, where the city's transportation authority is redesigning 40 stops as part of its \$400 million program to modernize and expand its 70-year-old subway—the oldest in the nation. The city's showcase is its sparkling Arlington Street station, first one to be redesigned by Architect Peter Chermayeff, 30, whose Cambridge Seven firm also planned the U.S. exhibit at Expo 67. Chermayeff's guiding principle is that chaos and disorientation, rather than just squalor and ugliness, are the essential problems confronting subways. Says he: "We want to make the system clear to absolutely anyone walking down the street."

To clearly identify the station entrance, he has erected signs, visible from a block away, that bear a big black "T" (for Transportation) on a white background. Inside he has installed color-coded maps that relate the stop to the rest of the subway system; advertising is restricted to the divider between inbound and outbound tracks. Most striking features of the Arlington Street stop are the porcelain enamel murals, showing such scenes as the spire of the famous Arlington Street church and the swan boats in the Public Garden. "Their purpose isn't arbitrary decoration," says Chermayeff, "but graphic representation of the station's neighborhood." As the passenger looks out the subway-train window, he sees not only a station but also an image that tells him where he is and what he will find when he emerges aboveground.

Here's a way to move the mayor.

LETTER

To the Editor

Every mayor is sensitive to public opinion.

He has to be to stay in office. So make your opinion public—in your city's newspaper. A Letter to the Editor praising or criticizing the mayor's administration is an opinion of influence—on the community in general and the mayor in particular.

Or if your opinion concerns state or national government, your Letter to the Editor can have even wider influence. In fact, a letter published in a national news magazine can influence public opinion throughout

the country. And don't think congressmen and the President aren't sensitive to *that*.

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BOND.

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MEDICINE

DISEASE

End to Parkinson's

Neurologists David C. Poskanzer and Robert S. Schwab of Massachusetts General Hospital predicted in 1961 that Parkinson's disease would all but disappear by 1980. Some medical authorities were skeptical, for they had seen no change in the number of Parkinson's cases over the years. Poskanzer and Schwab have now reiterated their earlier conclusion, and cite new evidence to support it.

Basis of the Poskanzer-Schwab prediction was an intensive study that convinced the two researchers that a majority of Parkinsonism victims developed the disease as a result of the worldwide epidemic of encephalitis lethargica that lasted from 1915 to 1926. By 1931, the virus that caused the epidemic had inexplicably died out, apparently completely. Many of the epidemic's victims who were mildly infected suffered delayed nerve damage, the two doctors believe. In some cases the damage has taken three or four decades to manifest itself as Parkinson's disease. If sufferers from the disease were indeed restricted to victims of the 1915-26 epidemic, the doctors postulated, their numbers would continue to increase for some 40 years, then dwindle as the victims died. The average age would rise as surviving patients grew older.

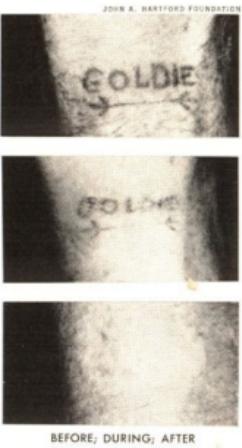
In 1961 Poskanzer and Schwab noted that the mean age of persons newly afflicted with Parkinsonism was 60.6, compared with 34.7 in 1922 in the midst of the epidemic. Now, after studying 421 additional patients, Poskanzer and Schwab have found even more important evidence to support their theory: none of the Parkinson's victims they have studied thus far were born after 1931.

PLASTIC SURGERY

Laserasing Tattoos

Conventional plastic surgery to remove tattoos takes a long time and often leaves unsightly scars. But using laser beams, a team of University of Cincinnati doctors have developed a technique that literally explodes tattoo dyes out of skin, with less pain and often less scarring.

Like ordinary light, the powerful coherent beam of the laser passes relatively unobstructed through transparent skin, giving up little of its energy in the form of heat. When it hits the colored dye particles beneath the surface of the skin, it is absorbed and converted into intense heat that instantaneously vaporizes the particles. The resulting plume of hot vapor bursts through the surface of the skin above the tattoo, charring and crusting it. In most of the 116 cases treated in the past three years at the university's laser laboratory, the scared areas of skin have healed rapid-



BEFORE; DURING; AFTER
Boon from the Beam.

ly and cleanly, leaving white, "cosmetically acceptable" scars behind.

Suntanned and Negro skins tended to absorb more heat energy because of their darker hues, and are more severely damaged and scarred over larger areas than lighter skins. Even when treating lighter skins, the researchers found, it is best to apply titanium dioxide ointment; the white ointment protects untattooed skin from damage.

The group, led by Dermatologist Leon Goldman, stressed in a recent issue of the A.M.A. *Journal* that laser-aging surgery is still too untried to be used routinely in the treatment of tattoos. But preliminary results are so promising that the technique may be used to treat soldiers who are literally tattooed when explosions implant tiny fragments and dirt beneath their skins.

TRANSPLANTS

Making Progress

Scampering and wagging her tail, the brown and white dog on the movie screen seemed nothing more than a picture of normal canine happiness. But to the meeting of the American College of Surgeons, the happy-go-lucky mutt was of signal significance. Within her chest was another dog's heart, transplanted by Dr. Richard R. Lower of the Medical College of Virginia more than a year before. She and another pup had not only survived with substitute hearts, but they were able to function normally—even to the extent, in the brown and white dog's case, of bearing a litter of puppies.

No one has yet transplanted a human heart. Nonetheless, physicians at the conference heard reports of progress in the transplantation of other

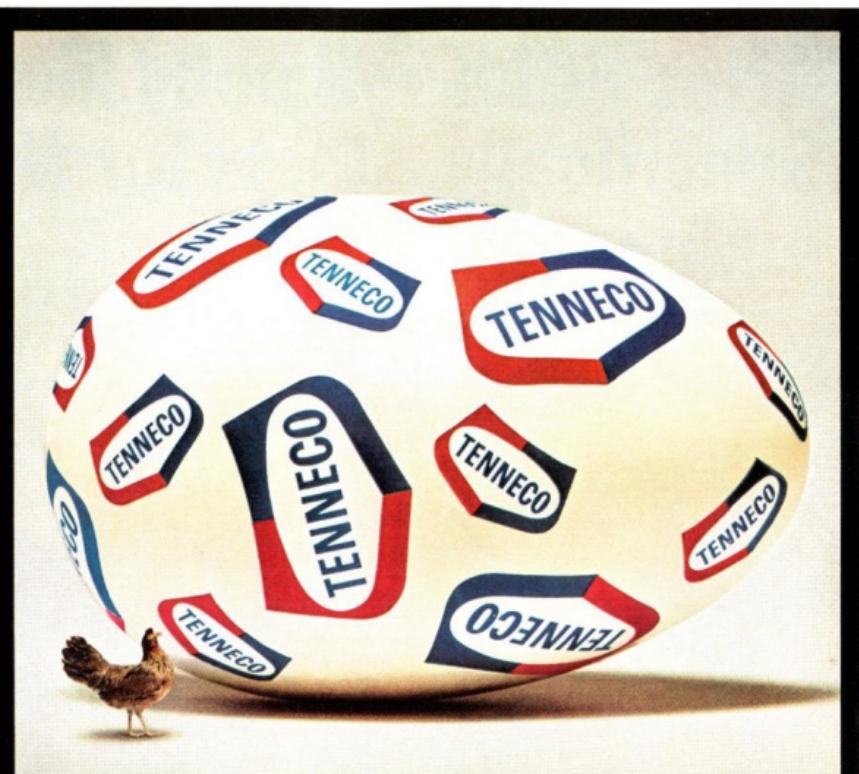
human organs. Although measured in mere weeks, one of the most significant reports was that of three successful liver transplants made on three infant girls in Denver. Performed by an imaginative and daring transplant team led by Dr. Thomas Starzl at the University of Colorado Medical Center, all three operations involved the replacement of a diseased liver that was deemed incurable. Until recently, 34 days had been Starzl's record for survival after a liver transplant. Two of Starzl's tiny patients have now survived for more than eleven weeks. The third has been sustained for five weeks.

Dr. Starzl lessened the chances of adverse immune reaction by using healthy organs from children—much the same age and size as the patients—who had died of some cause other than a liver disease. Before implantation, the donated liver was matched for tissue and blood cells. To further assure a reasonable chance of success, Starzl and his colleagues gave their young patients injections of azathioprine (Imuran), prednisone and antilymphocyte globulin—all of which help to suppress immune reactions. The antilymphocyte globulin, newly developed from the blood of horses that have reacted to human tissue, is already helping to improve the chances (now estimated at 65%) of successful kidney transplantation as well.

Saving the Bleeders. In another series of experiments on animals, a Boston City Hospital team sponsored by the Harvard Medical School reported the possibility of spleen transplantation to save the lives of hemophiliac victims. Hemophiliacs suffer from the lack of a blood-clotting substance called AHF. As a result, an otherwise manageable cut can become a source of quick death. At present, when a severe onset of hemorrhaging occurs, hemophiliac victims can be saved from bleeding to death by injections of AHF extracted and concentrated from a healthy person's blood. But the process is costly, and the relief temporary.

It is known that the spleen is somehow involved in the production of AHF, but just how is not yet clear. Experimenting with pigs, the Boston City Hospital surgeons found that a normal spleen begins to produce more AHF when perfused with the blood of a hemophiliac. To one of the surgeons, Dr. John C. Norman, this suggests the possibility of transplanting a normal spleen into a hemophiliac, so that his abnormal blood might stimulate the new spleen into plentiful production of AHF.

Surgically, such an operation would be far simpler than transplanting a heart, liver or even a kidney. But Dr. Norman emphasized that further experimentation—with dogs—must be conducted before spleen transplantation is attempted on a human being. Then, in all probability, a donor's spleen will be enclosed in a plastic bag, hooked up to a hemophiliac's circulating system and hung externally on his arm until it is certain that the method works.



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Now what do we do about a hen with an inferiority complex?

Any way you analyze it, Tenneco is big in packaging, all the way from tree to mill to finished product.

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fields. In oil operations, production of chemicals, natural gas pipelining, land use and manufacturing. Together, they make us a five-part industrial complex with over \$1.8 billion in annual sales.

And growing steadily. Maybe because all our eggs aren't in one basket.



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Application Engineer Larry Looby spends a lot of time on materials with Detroit's automakers—listening, looking, suggesting. Other Armco specialists—field engineers, product specialists, research engineers, market specialists—

to talk cars with Detroit. ones they'll

"Hmmm. Zinc-coated steel is a good choice for the underpanels. Gives extra protection against corrosion. They're using more of these corrosion-resistant steels every year."



help customers in every industry benefit from Armco steels and steel products. They've got lots of new things to talk about, because new steels are born at Armco. Armco Steel Corporation, Middletown, Ohio.

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90 PROOF

TELEVISION

PROGRAMMING

A Locker in the Living Room

Lou Brock races for the foul line, straight-arms a caddie, and plows over for the touchdown. Joe Namath fakes to a Ferrari and hook-slides into the 14th green. And here comes Billie Jean King, riding home another long shot at the big A.

So it might have seemed to any dial-twirling fan who tried to keep up with the dizzying array of TV sports shows last week. The enthusiasm is understandable, for sport is the most consistently exciting spectacle on TV. The cameras follow the bouncing ball with such telescopic expertise that they have turned the living room into a locker room and Daddy into a sports nut. This season the three networks will telecast 796 hours of sports—more than twice as much as ten years ago.

Last week's coverage of the World Series by NBC was typical of the new dimensions that TV has added to the game. When Boston's Carl Yastrzemski was hit by a fast ball, Pitcher-Turned-Commentator Sandy Koufax told how and why he himself had deliberately thrown at batters, explaining that "it's dangerous but it's part of the game." In the last game, a split-screen showed Cardinal Lou Brock take a daring lead off first base, then dash for second—and a new series record for stolen bases. And when Julian Javier was called out on a close play at first, NBC's instant replay clearly showed that it is not only ballplayers who make errors.

Snaking Putts. The man who popularized many of the innovations in TV sports coverage is a 36-year-old ex-college wrestler with the unlikely name of Roone Pinckney Arledge. When he and his ABC production team cover a sports event, seeing it is often better than

being there, particularly in the case of golf. At this year's U.S. Open, he mounted 19 color cameras atop a 250-ft. crane, in trees, behind bunkers and in a blimp, which allowed panoramic shots of the entire course, as well as close-ups of snaking putts that seemed to drop right into the viewer's martini. At one point, when Billy Casper and Arnold Palmer were tied for the lead, Arledge split the screen and showed them putting simultaneously on different holes—a touch of drama that neither the golfers nor the gallery could savor. Significantly, many golf writers no longer cover a tournament by tromping around the course; they sit in the press tent and watch it on TV.

Since joining ABC in 1960, Arledge has increased the network's yearly coverage of sports from 140 to 325 hours and its sports-programming revenues from \$2.5 million to \$65 million. As executive producer of the *Wide World of Sports*, which has telecast 90 different sports events in 31 countries, he goes to uncommon lengths "to capture the spirit of the place, the people and the event." In 1965, when a team of mountain climbers scaled the Matterhorn to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the first ascent, they were greeted on top by an ABC camera team that had climbed up the day before to film the event.

Recorded Slurps. To pull the audience into the heat of the contest, Arledge's production teams attach small portable cameras to everything from skis to Grand Prix racers; to show the styles of swimmers, the cameramen put on Aqualungs and lie on the bottom of the pool. They have even adapted missile-tracking devices to help keep the cameras fixed on a sky diver falling at 160 m.p.h. By placing microphones wherever law and discretion will allow,

Arledge lets the viewer hear the snarls and screeches of burning rubber at Le Mans or the thwack of a bat stroking a fast ball out of the park. On occasion, Arledge has taped microphones inside the shoulder pads of football linemen; the sounds were brutally real, but ABC had to appoint a profanity man to edit out the obscenities. For his series on *The American Sportsman*, Arledge put a mike beneath a dead zebra to record the slurps of a lion having brunch.

While NBC and CBS do not program as wide a variety of sports shows as ABC, their coverage of football, baseball, hockey and golf is equally adept. Their finest hours begin during the Christmas holidays, when they telecast what has become a pigskin orgy of interdivision, interleague, all-star, East-West, Blue-Gray, Cotton, Sugar, Rose, Orange, Senior and Super bowl games. Both networks have an impressive squad of such former players as Frank Gifford, Kyle Rote and Pat Summerall to enlighten viewers on the finer points of the game, but for ease and insight the best announcer-expert tandem is NBC's Curt Gowdy and Paul Christman. This winter CBS will televise 14 National Hockey League contests, while NBC will show eleven weeks of the *Wonderful World of Golf*, featuring matches at courses around the world.

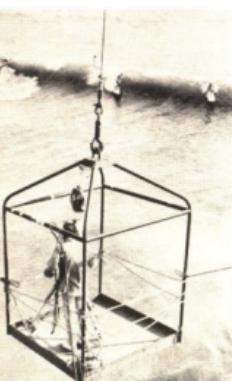
With that kind of colorful action going on, it is little wonder that an increasing number of fans take along small battery-operated TV sets when they go to a baseball or football game.

Popping the Question

TV programmers have long been concerned—and confounded—with the problem of viewer participation. Just how can they get their audiences to feel some sense of involvement with that big cold impersonal thing staring across the living room? The latest answer is to ask a question.

The Big Question, Voice of the Peo-

ROB PETERSON



ABC AT SURFING CHAMPIONSHIPS



NBC AT WORLD SERIES

Even the writers watch it in the tent on the tube.



CBS AT MASTERS GOLF



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tastes
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Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels,
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74

ple or Televote, as it is variously known, is a simple and inexpensive scheme. The station introduces a question on the early-evening newscast and invites the viewers to register their opinions—on a mix-or-match basis—by dialing one of two telephone numbers (one for yes votes, the other for no). Ten or more receivers at the station automatically answer with a recorded "thank you" and tabulate the results, which are then announced on the late-evening news report.

The surveys are hardly an accurate gauge of public sentiment, since anybody can stuff a yes or no phone number simply by calling repeatedly. Nor does the public always seem to know what it wants. In Houston, for example, 54% of KHOU's callers felt that the U.S. should end its involvement in Viet Nam; but a few nights later, 73% voted in favor of escalating the war. Said Program Director Dean Borba: "We're not quite sure what that means." James Pederson, secretary of the Minnesota Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, feels that it means that "the polls aren't worth anything." He should know: he voted 80 times in a poll that pitted Johnson against Reagan—and the President still lost.

"**Tax Cheats.**" Still, the game has proved so popular that 32 stations in the U.S. are now polling their audiences on everything from Ho Chi Minh to miniskirts, world trade to the World Series. When Station KSTR of Minneapolis-St. Paul asked whether the clergy should take part in civil rights marches, the crush of calls jammed the station's lines and short-circuited the switchboard of the nearby Midway Hospital. Of the 4,326 callers who did get through, 62% held that clergymen should stay in the pulpit and off the pavement.

While most of the queries deal with issues of national significance, some are inconsequential ("Do you favor a leash law for dogs?"), frivolous ("Do you like long hair on boys?") or merely vague ("Have we failed our founding fathers?"). In Boston, 64% of WHDH's callers said that they believed that flying saucers originated in outer space; in Tampa, Fla., 67% confessed to WFIA that they cheat on their income tax. When asked if they would vote for Lyndon Johnson in 1968, response was a resounding no from 63% of the callers in Houston, 77% in Pittsburgh and 82% in Minneapolis. Among the Republican candidates, Reagan ranked the highest and Romney the lowest in New Orleans and Minneapolis. Other polls indicate that viewers are strongly in favor of sex education in public schools, liberalization of abortion laws, and reopening the investigation of the Kennedy assassination.

Nosy Network. Last week a kind of nosy network was instituted, in which 14 stations agreed to ask the same question and compile their answers. Of the 42,000 viewers who replied to the first question, ("Should the U.S. stop bombing

North Viet Nam immediately?"), 62% voted no, 38% yes.

Perhaps the most pertinent question was posed by radio station KQRS in Minneapolis, which, to meet the competition of two local TV polls, started its own. After running the quiz for a few weeks, the station asked its listeners if they thought such telephone surveys were valid. When 82% voted no, KQRS ditched the poll.

TALK SHOWS

How Now, Brown Wren?

"I'm Helen Gurley Brown," begins the mistress of ceremonies of the new TV show *Outrageous Opinions*. "I've written a few books, *Sex and the Single Girl*, etc., and now I'm editor of *Cosmopolitan* magazine. I'm terribly interested in women, and in men, too, and especially in the things they do to

BURTON BERINER



HELEN & NORMAN

Nothing to fear but the show itself.

gether. We're going to find out about the personal lives and loves and hopes and hang-ups and problems of some very well-known people. I'm not afraid to ask them anything. Don't you be afraid to listen?"

The only thing to fear is the show itself. Syndicated in 15 U.S. cities since September, *Outrageous Opinions* takes on one guest at a time for half an hour, five days a week. The key subject, of course, is sex, but Mistress Brown cannot always make her guests come across. Norman Mailer, poet laureate of the orgasm, explained that he had come on the program to plug his new book. "I thought we were going to talk about ideas," he said coyly.

Bishop James Pike obligingly discussed petting ("Technical virginity I have no respect for"). But when comedian Woody Allen was asked if he had any lingering problems, he replied: "Yes, the compulsion to kiss a mailman. Probably the uniform and the leather pouch get me."

To such leg-pulling, the star is blithely oblivious. "Most people," she says, "expect Helen Gurley Brown to be fierce and fiery. They're surprised to find me a nice old brown wren."



From a motion picture produced in association with Film Counselors, Inc., by Hanna-Barbera for Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

"The people didn't have us on their minds."

So, someone made a movie.

The same people who can't recall a page in a magazine or a minute from radio can remember a movie they saw 15, 20, even 30 years ago—the scenes, the action, the characters, the message. Movies give a message more meaning.

Movies move people.

Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company filmed the "Story of Dr. Lister," and brought the meaning of his dis-

covery of antiseptic surgery into every viewer's life. As a result, the product bearing Dr. Lister's name—Listerine—had more meaning for everyone who saw the film. And this meaning translated into product preference.

To learn how little a movie might cost, and how to go about getting all the audience you want, talk with a motion picture expert. Give him your communications objective. Kodak makes

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Write for our free booklet *Movies Move People*. It tells you step-by-step the details you need to know to have a teaching, training, selling, or simply an informative movie produced.

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ART

SCULPTURE

Doodles of Genius

For Pablo Picasso, sculpture has always been a kind of three-dimensional doodling, a device to work out ideas he intends to enshrine in oil. He keeps his numerous constructions of found objects, sheet-metal cutouts, bronzes and wooden figures at his home near Cannes. Occasionally, his black eyes dancing, he will show off his motley assembly of talismans, to test the mettle of his visitors. But he rarely sells them—at most one piece in ten.

It was only when the French government staged its mammoth 1966 Paris retrospective in honor of his 85th birthday (TIME Dec. 2), that Picasso agreed to let his own private sculpture trove



CUTOUTS FROM THE '50s

100 different artists, and everyone a Picasso.

be used to supplement the few Picasso sculptures available from other owners. Subsequently, Sir Roland Penrose, author of a biography of Picasso, prevailed on him to let the sculpture travel on to London's Tate Gallery this summer. Last week Americans got their chance to see what all the excitement was about when 290 pieces, selected by Sir Roland, went on view at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art.

Unseen Goddesses. In listing the lenders to the show, Director René d'Harnoncourt wound up "thanking most of all an old friend, Pablo Picasso himself." And well he might, for 90% of the sculptures, from massive bronzes to toy stick figures carved to amuse children, comes from Picasso's own collection. As the throngs who jammed the show's opening days agreed, they indeed make a diverting display. Though Picasso may consider them doodles, they are clearly the doodles of genius. They reflect a fantastic fertility of invention, a sculptural technique to match every one of the myriad styles that Picasso has used in his 70-year painting career. As Sir Roland ob-

served: "There could be 100 different sculptors in this exhibit. Yet all of them are named Picasso."

Among the most dramatic exhibits set up by d'Harnoncourt is a circular roomful of giant, moonlike women's heads with protruding noses and eyes set in their cheeks that seem to float like his "classic" line drawings and etchings of the 1930s. The busts were inspired by Marie-Thérèse Walter, Picasso's mistress of that period, modeled in clay and cast in bronze—yet the world heretofore has known them only by the paintings he made of them.

In the 1950s, Picasso turned to bronze castings of sculptures made with "found objects." Many of them, such as the *Baboon* and *Young*, with toy auto for a head and metal spring for a tail, are so



MONUMENTS FROM THE '30s

well known that they set all sorts of precedents for the neo-Dadaists of the 1960s. But in this category, too, there are delightful examples of Picasso's wit never seen before, including a little girl caught skipping rope in mid-jump, and a pipe-tube, stiffly starched nurse pushing a baby in a pram.

Effervescent & Erotic. To Picasso fanciers, the most entertaining parts of the exhibit are among the largest and smallest items on display. Both are the handiwork of the 1960s, and both show that even at the age of 85, Picasso remains astonishingly inventive. The largest works, of course, are Picasso's monuments, represented by the model for the recently installed Chicago Civic Center sculpture and a photomontage of a heroic female figure to be installed in The Netherlands. The smallest are the impish, effervescent, often forthrightly erotic metal cutouts. Brightly painted and deftly bent, they look like cubist paintings in 2½ dimensions—and, by a curious coincidence, 2½ dimensions is what dozens of younger painters are going for right now.

In retrospect, Picasso's reluctance to

have his sculpture judged on a par with his painting seems a needless reticence. For, although he has treated sculpture as something he did with his left hand, the present exhibition proves that his left hand knew quite well what the right hand drew, and on occasion did it better. Even the simplest piece—a hawk's head snipped from a piece of sheet iron—needs no signature. The *wrong* is plainly Picasso.

PAINTING

Action from the Gluepot

The original idea for both Picasso's cutouts and collages (a combination of pasting and painting on canvas) probably came from his childhood years when he watched his painter father, a professor of fine arts in Barcelona, correct his own oils by cutting out canvas pieces and gluing them on, rather than rubbing out the detail or beginning all over again. In the hands of Picasso and Georges Braque, collage became a favorite technique during the early years when they were inventing cubism together. For Boston-born Conrad Marca-Relli collage was a last resort. In 1953, while in Mexico, he ran out of oils and turned from the paintpot to the gluepot in sheer desperation.

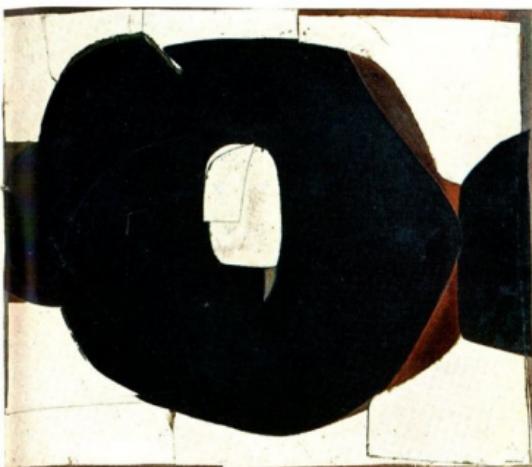
The combination of painting and pasting suited Marca-Relli so well that he has rarely turned out any other kind of work. Last week the fruits of 15 years of dedication to the gluepot went on display at Manhattan's Whitney Museum (see color opposite).

The 79 flat collages and reliefs and four freestanding aluminum constructions show that even his steadfast adherence to collage has not inhibited a distinct and rational progression in both style and content. In the early 1950s, Marca-Relli was concerned with semi-abstract figures of people, then moved on to swelling abstract panoramas of jostling, fluttering and flying scraps of canvas. From that period, 1958's *Night Freight*, says Marca-Relli, "has a feeling of movement which could have been the rumbling of a quiet freight filled with bodies being taken away in the night."

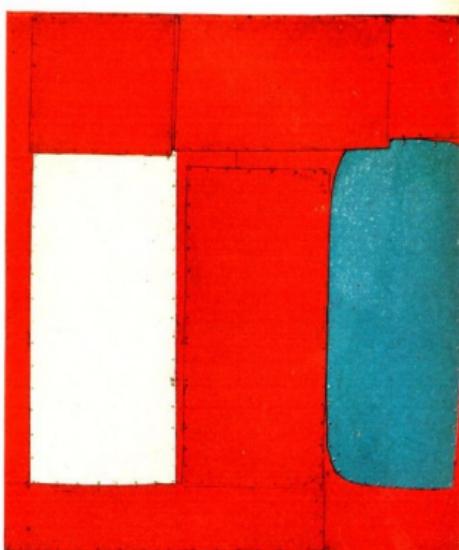
Interest in materials "that are in our life today" next led Marca-Relli to experiment directly with freestanding constructions and panels of aluminum, either left in silver or covered with gaudy paint. As a rule, the rivets and nails that hold the work together are left exposed because they make the work reminiscent of "machines that do something." *Cristobal*, for instance, is built of red, white and blue vinyl and is meant to suggest "the side of a freighter" going to some distant clime.

Most recently Marca-Relli has come back to working in canvas on canvas, and to his first love: the figure, or at least an abstract, anatomical detail. The challenge, he believes, is "to see if a certain figure can live alone. To see how far you can go without having it become boring, to keep it pulsating."

MARCA-RELLI'S BITS & SCRAPS



BROWN & STATELY FOR "UNTITLED" (1966)

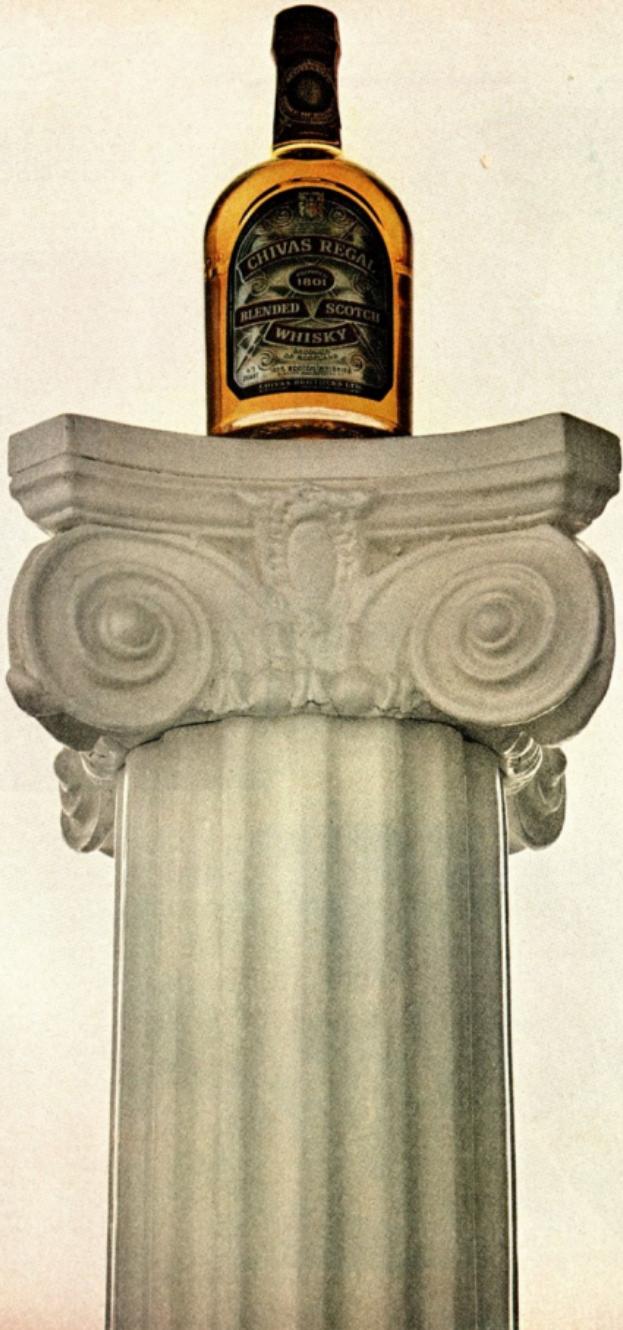


BOLD & BRAZEN IN "CRISTOBAL" (1962)

FLEETING FRAGMENTS FOR "NIGHT FREIGHT" (1958)



MARLBOROUGH-GERSON GALLERY



For six years now, the Chairman of Chivas Regal has been pleading for this ad.

"Chivas belongs on a pedestal," he (the Chairman) has told us (the advertising agency) more times than we care to remember.

"That's just about as corny an ad as you can do," we've told him more times, we're sure, than he cares to remember.

"Why is it corny?" he'd always ask us. "Chivas Regal is the finest Scotch in the world. If any Scotch should be on a pedestal, it's Chivas."

"Sure," we'd always answer, "but you don't convince people you've got the finest Scotch in the world just by putting it on a pedestal. Any Scotch can do that."

"Okay," he'd always say. "You fellows are the advertising experts."

And so it went on, year after year. Till finally, a few months ago, we figured we'd settle everything once and for all by taking the photograph he wanted and letting him see for himself what we meant.

Well, as it turned out, that picture taught us a little something too.

You see, a bottle of Chivas Regal up on a pedestal may look kind of corny.

But when you think about it, any other Scotch up there would look just plain ridiculous.

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MUSIC

OPERA

The Power of Positive Vocalizing

La Scala, the fabled, 189-year-old queen of the world's opera companies, made its first appearance in North America last week at Expo 67. For performers and audiences alike, the event turned out to be a compound of agonies and ecstasies.

Like the other opera troupes that have visited Montreal this year, La Scala had problems in trimming its sets and staging to fit the cramped dimensions of Montreal's Salle Wilfrid Pellerin. Unlike the others, it met the crisis with passionate disorganization: breaks between acts stretched out to 45 minutes, while bumps, crashes and muffled Italian curses were heard through the curtain. The productions themselves often recalled the bad old days when tempos dawdled indulgently, singers postured in front of improbable sets and acting was of the clutch-sob-and-stagger school. But by sticking to the 19th century Italian repertory and putting it over with some splendidly full-throated singing, the company also evoked the good old days, when Verdi and Puccini called La Scala home, when such singers as Enrico Caruso and Adelina Patti blossomed there and Conductor Arturo Toscanini whipped its performances to a peak of fire and finesse.

Belying Their Best, La Scala's two Verdi productions, *Il Trovatore* and *Nabucco*, illustrated the company's faults—and how it turns them into virtues. Both performances tended to be concerts in costume. Nicola Benois' massive, upward-sweeping sets were effective in a traditional vein. *Nabucco*, in particular, had moments of rousing stagecraft, especially when a 35-ft. purple statue of Baal split down the middle and the surrounding temple exploded, filling the stage and auditorium with steam. But mostly the singers forgot about the drama and one another, turned toward the audience, and simply belted out their best. Frequently it was more than good enough. Drenched by the robust melodiousness of Soprano Elena Suliotis and Bass Nicolai Ghiaurov in *Nabucco*, and of Tenor Carlo Bergonzi and Mezzo Soprano Fiorenza Cossotto in *Trovatore*, the Montreal audiences hardly seemed to notice anything missing elsewhere.

La Scala's novelty for this tour was Bellini's *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*, a bel canto relic that the company recently revived after a century of relative neglect. A retelling of the Romeo and Juliet story that owes little to Shakespeare, *Capuleti*, with Bellini's intimate scale, pervading sweetness and utter predictability, is a distinct contrast to Verdi's powerful, primitive themes and vaulting imagination. But the company—notably the two leads, Tenor Giacomo Aragall and Soprano Renata Scotto—traded the flawed gusto of its

Trovatore and *Nabucco* performances for restraint and quiet artistry, making *Capuleti* the only production of the week to come off with cohesiveness and unity of effect.

In all, La Scala struck a magnificently old-fashioned note at Expo. In this age of realistic music-drama, far-out staging and intellectual musical analysis, La Scala's reaffirmation of the Italian faith in the power of positive vocalizing was both quaint and oddly persuasive. The company may never fully awake from dreams of its own past glory, but the question is, does anyone really want it to?



THE COWSILLS BEFORE SEATTLE PERFORMANCE
From Munster Mansion to Bleak House, and back again.

RECORDINGS

Mama, Papa & the Kids

Pop music's most cherished legend is that of the instant hit. In most versions, would-be recording stars simply walk into an agent's office with a song on their lips, or warble it into a home tape recorder and mail it off to a record company; a few weeks later they are riding high in the bestseller charts. But the Cowsills, a new group currently enjoying their first hit single, are one group that has traversed the brutal distance between the legend and reality, and they know how far from instant their hit is.

Four years ago, when Chief Petty Officer Bud Cowsill retired from a 20-year stint in the Navy, he decided that his four singing, drumming and guitar-playing sons were ready for more than charity shows and family concerts. He teamed the boys up with their pert "mini-Mom," Barbara, took on the other two Cowsill sons as road managers and sound engineers, and along with a four-year-old baby sister set off into the professional music world. Bud enforced strict Navy discipline: the kids had to

keep up with their studies, practice two hours daily to build up a repertoire of 500 rock 'n' roll, folk, country and pop songs, and key their lives to the parental dictum, "If we can't eat it, play it or perform with it, we can't have it."

Blitz Campaign. Nevertheless, nothing clicked. "Munster Mansion," their old, 23-room Gothic home in Newport, R.I., became Bleak House. During the winter, they left their driveway unshovelled to discourage bill collectors. When their credit ran out on heating oil, they chopped up furniture to build a fire. One weekend they ended up with nothing in the house to eat except chocolate and marshmallows. Bud figured that promotion, transportation and the cost of musical instruments had put

HUGH STRATFORD

him \$100,000 in debt. Just before panic set in, a New York talent management firm lined them up with MGM Records. Now their first single, *The Rain, the Park and Other Things*, has passed No. 50 on the charts and is climbing; their first album is out, and MGM is blitzing the music industry with an unprecedented \$250,000 promotion campaign on them.

The determined Cowsills are fresh and attractive, and their close-harmonized, sprightly performances convey a great deal of their offstage charm. But good as they are for their age (the boys range from 11 to 19, Barbara is 39), too often they offer only a lightweight delivery of a derivative song.

Can they find their own style and endure, or will this hit be their last? Last week, as the family worked their way down the West Coast on a 22-city personal-appearance tour, Bud was confident: "We're going to be a top recording group. There's no question in my mind, never has been." Still, considering the treacherous tides of the pop music business, the family had better heed the advice of one of the songs they sing: *Knock on Wood*.

THE THEATER

ABROAD

A Charge of Murder

In *The Deputy*, German playwright Rolf Hochhuth earned instant international notoriety by indicting Pope Pius XII for his failure to speak out against Nazi persecution of the Jews. Hochhuth's second play, *Soldiers*, which had its world première in Berlin last week, casts an accusing glance at Sir Winston Churchill. In essence, *Soldiers* contends that Churchill was responsible for the mysterious death, in July 1943, of General Wladyslaw Sikorski, leader of Poland's exile government.

Hochhuth portrayed Pius XII as a Machiavellian "inverted mystic" who hoped to use Hitler to save Europe from Communism. The Churchill of *Soldiers* seems to be an equally callous caricature. According to the play, Britain's wartime Prime Minister (played by Otto Hasse) was a tragic figure who authorized immoral acts in hopes of saving his nation. Among them was the murder of Sikorski, a stiff-necked patriot who infuriated Stalin first by demanding the postwar return of Polish territories annexed by Russia, then by calling for an investigation of the Katyn massacre of 4,253 Polish military prisoners. Fearful that Stalin was ready to break off relations with Britain, Churchill, alleges Hochhuth, authorized intelligence agents to arrange a fatal accident for a plane in which Sikorski was to fly from Cairo to London.

Although a number of World War II historians have been suspicious of Sikorski's death,⁶ Hochhuth could only

⁶ Among them Britain's David Irving, whose factual account of Sikorski's death, *Accident*, was published in London last week. Irving leaves open the possibility of sabotage, but he is not convinced by any other explanations of the crash. Other historians have pointed out that Polish extremists had more to gain than the British from Sikorski's death.

claim that the bulk of the "evidence" is on file in a Swiss bank vault and cannot be revealed for 50 years. But what disappointed the opening-night audience in Berlin was a lack not of historical evidence but of dramatic talent. *Soldiers* came across as a static bore, filled with ponderous moralisms and unwitty aphorisms ("Marriage," says Churchill, "is love without longing") and totally lacking in tension.

Hochhuth's latest libel seems likely to get as much circulation as his first, Kenneth Tynan and Sir Laurence Olivier, who were prevented by England's Lord Chamberlain from giving the world première at their National Theater in London, plan to offer the play at a censor-free private theater club. Productions are also scheduled for five other European capitals.

OFF BROADWAY

Cuckold in a Panic

Stage humor is in transition. The old humor of the gag and the wise-crack was confident, benign, a pick-me-up rather than a put-down. The new humor, which draws its tone from playwrights such as Albee and Pinter, is cruel, taut-nerved, and speaks the lingo of the obscene and the absurd, not funny-ha-ha but funny-pecculiar. The new humor reigns in off-Broadway's *Scuba Duba*, a flagellatingly funny first play by Novelist Bruce Jay Friedman (*Stern, A Mother's Kisses*).

The opening curtain finds *Scuba Duba*'s hero holding a huge scythe in the middle of a Riviera château drawing room. Harold Wonder (Jerry Orbach) has an albatross complex and a symbolic knife at his throat. While his two children lie asleep upstairs, his wife is out cuckolding him with a Negro skindiver, or so he thinks. Harold, in a skull-popping panic, half-dials phones, swigs champagne from a bottle, runs to



ORBACH & SMILEY IN "SCUBA"
There is no right way to be.

the door with his scythe and roars out bloody maledictions on "the Goddamn spade frogman." In a performance marvelously sustained at the pitch of brilliance, Jerry Orbach sprays comic vitriol without ever letting the playgoer forget that this man's heart is in a vise of anguish.

Perhaps a call back to Mom in the New York City Borough of Queens, "where I had defenses," might help. Cold comfort there. "Is that why you called, Harold?" bleats his *Yiddisha* Mama. "You thought your mother needed a little filth thrown in her face all the way from France?" More cheer is shed by a sexy sylph in a mauve postage-stamp bikini. Miss Janus, delectably played by Brenda Smiley, has a Proust-like remembrance of flings past and an impish vein of insecurity. "I wish I could get to the state where I truly believed my behind was beautiful."

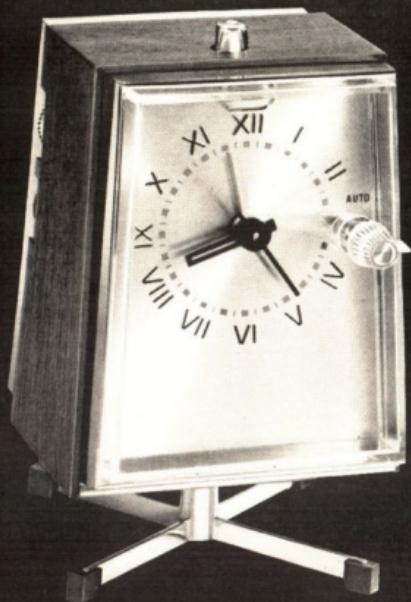
Throughout the play Friedman lances pet hates with an ardor so indiscriminate as to seem bracingly honest. The air is unfogged by any pious cant about brotherly love as he tongue-twists Jews, Negroes, Babbitts, Frenchmen, Chinese, Yugoslavs, white liberals, black militants, wives, husbands, thieves and psychiatrists. From this last and presumably lowest shelf of humanity, the playwright produces a fatuously brain-shrunk specimen who brings his patient-paramour to the château. She in turn treats Manhattan's theatergoers to the sight of their first topless actress, but it must ungallantly be recorded that the lady's mammaries are pendulous.

Early and logically Friedman says: "There's just no right way to be about Negroes." In Act II, Harold's wife shows up with two Negroes, the skindiver and the man she really loves, a Brooks Brothers type who recites poetry and cherishes her femininity. Harold is more deeply nonplussed than he was by the



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notion of his wife's surrender to a typical minstrel man who is also a switchblade artist and a sexual athlete. Playgoers may be equally nonplussed by the belated stab at seriousness, especially after Friedman's nightlong skill at making race a laughing matter.

ON BROADWAY

Old Gal in Town

Legend has it that Marlene Dietrich once had a record made consisting of nothing but snippets of applause from her triumphal concerts in Europe. Opening a six-week run of her one-woman show in Manhattan last week, Marlene garnered enough adoring acclaim to make an album. The bravos began before the curtain rose, and there were screams of joy after every encore as ecstatic young men in tight trousers

KEN REGAN



MARLENE AFTER OPENING

Enough adoration for an album.

pranced down the aisles to toss bouquets of roses upon the stage.

In truth, Dietrich doesn't do badly for a 65-year-old grandmother—even though she stands on stage as rigidly expressionless as Ed Sullivan, and the famed husky voice is now both thin and strident. Molded into a \$30,000 skintight, flesh-colored gown, however, she can still give the illusion of youth, at least across the footlights. And there is the illusion of sex as she glances at the balcony while chanting a self-mocking version of *The Laziest Gal in Town*:

*It's not 'cause I wouldn't,
Nor 'cause I shouldn't,
And, Lord knows, it's not 'cause
I couldn't.*

Accompanied by a 26-piece orchestra, Dietrich works her way through a four-language repertory that ranges from Australian rock to the antiwar ballad *Where Have All the Flowers Gone?* For the nostalgic, there is a large sampling of dusky, sentimental ballads. "I give the people what I know they like and what they expect," she says.

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RELIGION

MYSTICS

Soothsayer for Everyman

What do Shirley MacLaine, the Beatles, Mia Farrow and the Rolling Stones have in common? The answer, as any tabloid reader knows by now, is a starry-eyed devotion to Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, a bearded Indian guru who preaches a method of "transcendental meditation" that might be summed up as how to succeed spiritually without really trying.

India, of course, has countless yogis, swamis, mystics and meditators who variously expound Hinduism's belief that ultimate reality can be known not through reason, but only through the soul's intuition of itself. Though some of these holy men have managed to get a hearing outside their own country, none has done so well in modern times as the Maharishi (Great Sage), who had a considerable following even before he met and conquered the Beatles last August while on a lecture tour of England.

Peace Without Penance. Son of a government revenue inspector, the Maharishi discovered his concept of transcendental meditation during two years of seclusion in the Himalayan mountain village of Utar Kashi. The Great Sage's explanation of his message is a trifle opaque: "When the conscious mind expands to embrace deeper levels of thinking, the thought wave becomes more powerful and results in added energy and intelligence." In a word, some skeptics have suggested, "Think." All that is required to achieve this state of "pure being," says the guru, is a little reflective thought, preferably half an hour at a time for beginners.

The Maharishi has been sharply criticized by other Indian sages, who complain that his program for spiritual peace without either penance or as-

ceticism contravenes every traditional Hindu belief. His critics are also upset by the Maharishi's claim that the *Bhagavad Gita*, Hinduism's epic religious poem, has been wrongly interpreted by most previous commentators. The Maharishi contends that its real lesson is that "any man, without having to renounce his way of life, can enjoy the blessings of all these paths" by simply following his own meditative technique.

Perhaps because of its comfortable teachings, the Maharishi's "Spiritual Regeneration Movement" has spread quickly outside India. Transcendental meditation is now practiced by an estimated 100,000 followers in 35 countries from Denmark to New Zealand. Headquarters of the spiritual empire is the Maharishi's academy on a shaded, 15-acre site overlooking the sacred Ganges River at Rishikesh, 130 miles north of New Delhi. When the guru, a bachelor, is not proselytizing about the globe, he resides at Rishikesh in a simple, red brick bungalow, where he often meditates for 20 or 30 days at a stretch. His bedroom is air-conditioned.

Calm & Insight. Last week the academy was being spruced up in preparation for the arrival of the Beatles. The Liverpool boys are particularly enthusiastic about the convenience of the Maharishi's method, since they can be regenerated without interrupting their schedule. "You can close your eyes in the middle of Piccadilly and meditate," exults George Harrison. The Beatles, who now meditate at least once a day, are convinced that the guru's guidance has endowed them with greater calm and insight.

The Maharishi evidently believes that his teachings are of special spiritual benefit to affluent, tension-ridden Westerners. In Aalborg, Denmark, last week, he defended his movement in couch-oriented terms. "Modern psychology has

pointed to the need of educating people to use a much larger portion of the mind," said he. "Transcendental meditation fulfills this need. And," he added sagely, "it can be taught very easily."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Democratizing Theology

Rome last week was almost as busy with ecclesiastical affairs as it had been during the Second Vatican Council. At the Vatican Palace, about 200 bishops from all over the world ended the second week of a month-long synod convened by Pope Paul. Near by, at the Pius XII auditorium, more than 2,800 Catholic men and women assembled for the Third World Congress for the Lay Apostolate, a kind of summit conference of leading lay leaders.

The mood of the two gatherings was markedly different. Shrouded in secrecy, the bishops at the synod have so far been debating issues that are relatively far removed from the real concerns of most Catholics: reform of canon law and doctrinal aberrations. So far, the most concrete result of the synod has been a suggestion to create an international theological commission that would review questions regarding doctrine.

Unfettered by a narrow churchly agenda, delegates to the lay congress were in a mood to tackle more down-to-earth problems. The spirit of the meeting was set by the keynote address of Steering Committee Secretary Dr. Thom Kerstiens. "We must put questions to the theologians which often coincide with those put by men who are not Christians," he said. "Modern man wants to see things from the viewpoint of his daily existence." As an example, Kerstiens asked delegates to consider such questions as, "What should be our attitude towards revolutionary movements?", and "Is racial discrimination a sin to be confessed?"

Delegates to the eight-day congress are spending most of their time at workshops dealing with such general topics as the conflict between generations, the family—a subject that has already led to a discussion of birth control—and world economic development. Like the synod, the congress has no legislative authority over its church and can only make recommendations to the Pope. But some Roman observers were betting that Paul VI might get at least as much good advice from the congress' laymen as from the synod's bishops.

MISSIONS

A Bridge to the Non-Church

Before Michigan Governor George Romney undertook a tour of the San Francisco slums recently, he first stopped for an indoctrination lecture at the Glide Memorial Methodist Church. When a much-liked cop in the city resigned, it was the Glide Foundation that gave him a farewell party—and more than 6,000 persons, ranging from



MAHARISHI'S ACADEMY

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Now 38 years old, the Glide Foundation is probably the nation's most successful and adventurous mission church. Part of its success stems from the fact that it has the money to make its missions work: the church has an annual income of \$350,000, the bulk of it from the estate of Lizzie Glide, a devout widow of an oil tycoon, who left \$1,000,000 to the church in 1936. Once a sedate, middle-class parish, Glide gradually lost much of its original white membership with the coincidental decay of its surrounding neighborhood. Four years ago, when the Rev. Lewis Durham of Los Angeles was named head of the foundation, Glide turned its energies full time toward service in the slums and dedicated itself to becoming "a bridge between church and non-church."

Merry Christmas. Working under Durham as pastor of the church is the Rev. Cecil Williams, 38, a dynamic, Texas-born Negro with a flair for imaginative preaching. At a jazz worship service this month attended by several hippies, Williams began his sermon by wishing everyone "Merry Christmas," explaining, "It's Christmas today because life comes as a gift." Picking up a dazzlingly colored paper sack, which he called "my psychedelic bag," he pulled out of it a framed portrait of himself, hung it around his neck and announced: "I'm too concerned with myself. So I carry my hang-up with me, baby. Two thousand years ago, a man said, 'Look, man, you can be free—you don't have to have that hang-up.'"

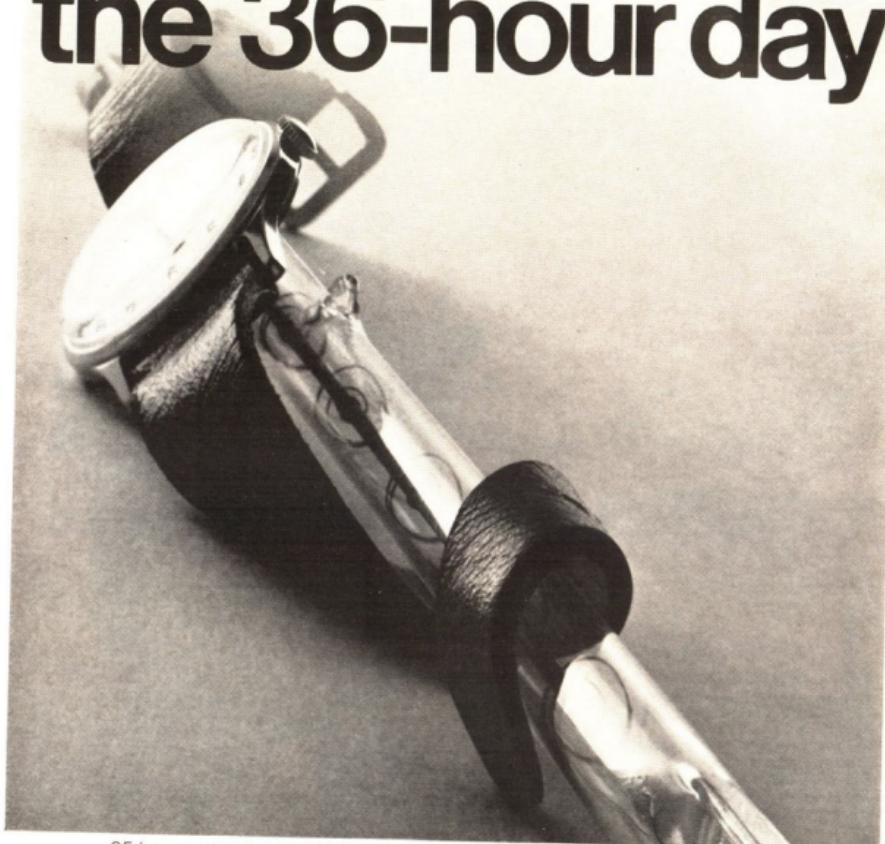
Glide is equally freewheeling in structure. It has no formal church committees, instead gets things done through

a series of *ad hoc* "task forces." Every other Sunday after the morning service, the church holds a meeting, open to anyone in town, at which new programs are decided upon and new task forces selected. "We're like a boxer on his toes," says Durham. Among Glide's more successful projects: a "Black People's Store" that supplies needy Negroes with free food, clothing and furniture; a "Citizens Alert" legal-aid group to guard against police brutality; two halfway houses for released mental patients. Glide was instrumental in organizing San Francisco's "Huckleberry House" for runaway youths (TIME, Sept. 15), has steered untold down-and-outs to rehabilitation and jobs.

Hippies & Homosexuals. Unlike most churches, Glide welcomes hippies to church functions, and its ministers are blithely indifferent to their unorthodox mating habits. "We don't give a damn who people go to bed with," says Durham. Last spring Glide sponsored a three-day retreat for homosexuals and clergymen at which the deviates discussed their problems. As a result, Glide formed a citywide Council on Religion and the Homosexual.

Understandably, Glide's unconventional ways have brought the church a large measure of criticism, but its activities are strongly backed by Methodist Bishop Donald Tippett, a member of the foundation's board, and by community leaders such as Willie Brown, San Francisco's first Negro representative in the California state assembly. Durham's main defense of Glide's missionary ways is that they work, and that the church is loved and respected by thousands of deviates and dropouts who otherwise have nothing but contempt for organized religion. "God says 'yes' to man," he says. "So we want to help the disenfranchised, the alienated. The church must say 'yes' to all people because God cares about all people."

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So Prosperous It Hurts

A sure way to turn stockbrokers into reticent men is to broach the sensitive subject of their profits. Securities dealers owe much of their livelihood to investor confidence built up by public disclosure of corporate earnings. Yet the overwhelming majority of them consider their own net incomes to be nobody else's business. This double standard is well entrenched, wholly legal and—at least from a broker's viewpoint—eminently logical. After all, partly by resisting demands for more such data, Wall Street has so far fended off the Securities and Exchange Commission's four-year-old proposal for lower fees on big-lot stock trading, the most profitable kind.

While overall corporate profit margins have been squeezed this year between rising costs and idle industrial capacity, brokerage profits have soared along with stock trading volume. At the New York Stock Exchange, which accounts for 80% of U.S. activity on registered securities exchanges, this year's trading two weeks ago topped the old full-year record, which had been set in 1966. Last week the 1,964,637,738th share changed hands on the Big Board, lifting its average daily volume for the year to 9,862,277 shares. If that fast pace continues, along with increasing activity on the American Stock Exchange and the nation's seven major

regional exchanges, some 4.5 billion shares of stock will be traded this year in the U.S.

On the Rebound. As a result, the SEC predicts, stockbrokers' total revenues will rise from about \$4 billion in 1966 to \$4.5 billion this year. The SEC figures that income from commissions on security transactions should come to \$2.7 billion, and profit to be divided on that income between partners, brokers and salesmen should reach \$675 million, compared with \$600 million in 1966. Moreover, with stock trading hitting a furious pace, SEC analysts expect a sharp rebound in the industry's after-tax profits on its main business of securities trading, which slipped from 5.8% in 1965 to 5.7% last year, according to an N.Y.S.E. survey. "Brokers tell us they're making a great deal of money," says one SEC official.

"So far, 1967 is the best year in the firm's history," agrees Managing Partner Charles Moran of the Manhattan-based brokerage house of Francis L. du Pont & Co., one of the four who have overcome the general passion for secrecy. Last year Du Pont's profits climbed 191% to \$4,340,152, while its revenues rose 12% to \$70,637,738. That may sound like a bundle, but it actually amounted to a mere 6.1% profit ratio, well below the amount of revenue that most industrial companies keep after taxes. Still, it was a considerably better performance than that of the typical advertising agency, which retains only 4.9%.

After the Rush. This year's brokerage bonanza is aided by a slowdown in the costly rush to open new branch offices and by increased computerization of the heavy "back-office" load of paperwork. Above all, the prosperity is propelled by the unprecedented spurge of buying and selling by institutions that trade in large blocks of stock. Deals involving more than \$100,000 worth of shares constitute less than 1% of Big Board transactions, yet generate 15% of the commissions. Brokers' round-lot transaction commissions include both a percentage fee, which begins at 2% and decreases as the total purchase price of the stock increases, and a rising fixed charge that ranges from \$3 for 100 shares of stock worth up to \$400 to \$39 for the same amount of stock worth \$5,000 or more; the complex combination works out to a minimum possible fee per 100 shares of \$6 and a maximum of \$75. On odd-lot transactions, brokers are allowed to charge a differential of from 12½¢ to 25¢ per share of stock in addition to the regular commission. Brokers like the big deals because the cost of paperwork runs about the same for 100 shares as for 10,000.

Though commissions on the New

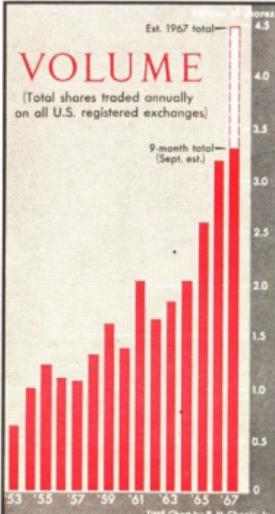
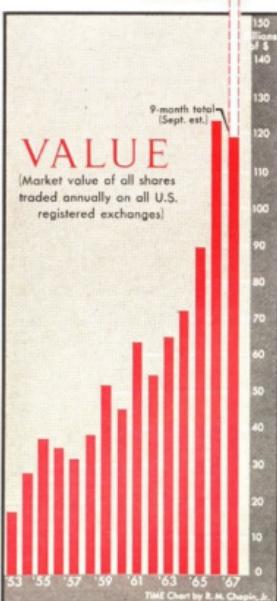
York Exchange swelled to an estimated total of \$1.27 billion last year, they accounted for only 62% of the revenues of its 648 member firms. Brokers take in another 12% from the interest paid by customers who borrow to buy stocks on margin; on the last day of business in 1966, Big Board members had \$4.9 billion in such loans outstanding. The remaining 26% comes from underwriting fees, commodities' income, mutual-fund sales, trading on their own accounts. Curiously enough, 82 Big Board firms reported that they actually lost money last year on their commission operations. The exchange refuses to divulge any figures, but Wall Street sources call such losses "very slight."

BANKING

Rescue in Beirut

Since Beirut's overextended Intra Bank collapsed a year ago, the precarious prosperity of little Lebanon has been flattened by multiple misfortune. Despite a massive infusion of loans from the Lebanese central bank, which halted subsequent runs on Beirut's 71 other locally owned banks, foreign confidence in Lebanese banking has faltered. Many millionaire sheiks, whose deposits had helped to make Beirut the

Est. 1967 total



banking capital of the Middle East, moved their riches elsewhere. Tourist trade, the other principal prop of Lebanon's economy, all but vanished with the Middle East war. Now, in once bustling Beirut, sumptuous hotels are almost empty, restaurants deserted, harbor-import traffic slow, nightclubs closed, stores shuttered for lack of customers.

Last week, with a lift from Wall Street, Intra Bank prepared to rise again. Under a deal worked out by the Manhattan investment-banking house of Kidder, Peabody & Co. and approved by the Lebanese government, the bank that was once the country's largest will be transformed into an international investment company. It will take over Intra's extensive business holdings—including thriving Middle East Airlines, Beirut's port and the Phoenicia Hotel, cement plants, warehouses, casinos, a French shipyard and valuable real estate on Paris' Champs Elysées—and try to recoup the bank's crippling losses with their future profits. As a \$1,000,000-plus financial consultant, Kidder, Peabody hopes to raise \$30 million to develop these and other Intra-owned properties like Baalbeck Studios, which is building motion picture sound stages in low-cost Lebanon with the expectation of luring movie makers from Italy, where production costs have been steadily rising.

Gilt-Edged Load. Intra depositors with accounts of \$77,500 or more will be paid off with stock in the new investment company; smaller depositors are to get half their money back in cash within three years, half of it as stock. The smallest (less than \$3,100) Lebanese depositors have already been repaid in cash, through a total of \$15.5 million in loans from the Lebanese central bank.

The long-blocked road to Intra's resurrection finally opened after British auditors found that the bank, though short of cash, was so loaded with gilt-edged investments (\$217 million worth) as to be a sound long-term venture. A new Cabinet under Lebanese Prime Minister Rashid Karami fired a committee that was irreconcilably split over whether to salvage or liquidate the bank, named another that tickered with Kidder, Peabody. The key to the rescue deal was winning the consent of Intra's major creditors, notably that of Kuwaiti Prime Minister Jaber al Ahmed as Sabah, whose countrymen had the largest stake (\$40 million) in the bank. Kuwaitis will own some 35% of the stock to be issued by the new organization, the Lebanese government 25%, Qatar sheiks 7%, Lebanese depositors most of the balance. U.S. taxpayers also stand to gain from the rescue. The Agriculture Department's Commodity Credit Corporation, which had \$22 million in Intra as an export loan to help dispose of surplus U.S. grain, will receive a 13% stock interest. The C.C.C.



BEN LARSEN STEPHEN

FILES IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE IN WASHINGTON
Now to clear it with the world.

also gets first claim on Intra's U.S. assets, including its shuttered Manhattan branch (which will be liquidated), a 27-story Fifth Avenue skyscraper and revenues from the Warner Bros. spy film, *Triple Cross*.

PATENTS

Overdue Reform

The world's archaic maze of patent laws and procedures has long been a major nuisance to international-minded businessmen, who insist that it inhibits the global spread of patent benefits through new technology, new industry and expanded markets. Last week delegates from 22 major countries—including the U.S., Britain, France, West Germany, Japan and the Soviet Union, which account for 80% of the world's patent applications—reached preliminary agreement in Geneva on some overdue reforms.

To end the muddle the conferees approved the provisions of an international treaty that requires a separate application in every country where businessmen want to protect inventions from covetous competitors. That fragmentation saddles companies with onerous costs (as much as \$40,000) of filing for patents in dozens of nations with differing requirements (and languages). It has also engulfed national patent offices in wasteful duplication of patent searches and paper work on about half of the world's 650,000 annual patent applications. As a result, it now takes the U.S. 2½ years to issue a patent while Germany takes five and Japan seven.

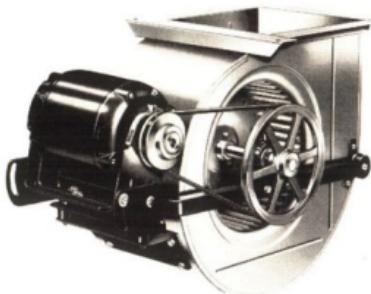
End to Overlap. The Geneva accord would end all the costly overlap by establishing a single multilingual international patent application, to be filed with a system of worldwide patent clear-

ing houses. The clearing houses would be set up by the body that drafted the treaty, the United International Bureau for the Protection of Intellectual Property, administrator of the Paris Convention of 1883, under which 79 nations agree to give equal treatment to one another's inventors. Individual nations would retain the right to grant or reject patents, but international patent centers would check the novelty of most inventions, issue recommendations to national patent offices. Under the plan, the international search centers would be established in the U.S., Germany, the U.S.S.R. and Japan to handle applications on a regional basis. Those from other areas would be processed by the Bureau's Hague headquarters.

The treaty must still be reduced to final form, approved again by the Geneva delegates, then submitted to all 79 Paris pact signatories for ratification. If all goes according to plan, predicts Director Georg Bodenhausen of the International Bureau, the new setup may be in force by 1970. Though some large corporations "view a novelty such as patent cooperation with due suspicion," he says, "I am absolutely certain they will be delighted once it gets off the ground."

The U.S.'s National Association of Manufacturers is already cheering. "We were afraid that this scheme would sell us down the river," says Vice President Reynold Bennett. "But the treaty looks all right." Though the pact stops short of creating an international patent, it is a step in that direction. And for U.S. inventors who file nearly 100,000 patent applications a year in Washington, it promises some fast benefits. Without its load of foreign applications, the U.S. Patent Office figures it can cut its search time to 18 months.

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AUTOS

Starting to Talk—& Sell

The United Auto Workers laid down their demands in July; the Ford Motor Co. laid down its offer in August. Since then, the two sides have barely been on speaking terms. It was only last week that they really began negotiating.

First sign of a break came Tuesday, when Ford asked the U.A.W. to postpone a routine afternoon meeting until evening. When the time came, there appeared an extraordinary tableau. Instead of sitting down face-to-face as usual, U.A.W. Chief Walter Reuther and his aides camped by themselves in the Ford headquarters' second-story bargaining room, while the Ford men ensconced themselves in other rooms on another floor. Within two hours, word came that henceforth there would be a black-

tive workers back to Ford plants that make parts for American Motors Corp., than other U.A.W. workers at A.M.C. went out on a wildcat strike over a minor squabble. And beyond Ford, where it has 160,000 workers on the streets, the U.A.W. has 30 other strikes under way. Among them: a walkout of 25,000 Caterpillar Tractor Co. employees and a strike involving 4,500 Burroughs Corp. workers.

Signs of Strain. Strike benefits to Ford workers are running to \$5.25 million a week, and the U.A.W. is having trouble finding income to match the outgo. For one thing, the non-struck automakers are no longer paying workers' U.A.W. dues directly to the union, and the U.A.W. finds it difficult to collect from the boys. So last week Reuther rallied the faithful at Detroit's Cobo Hall for approval of an emergency dues

J. EDWARD DAILEY



CHRYSLER CORP. CARS GOING OUT TO DEALERS
Pressuring Ford by sweetening the rivals.

out on news of the negotiations "to facilitate serious bargaining."

Four Lettermen. The separate tables seemed salutary. After two more days of dickerling at arm's length, the Ford team again met the union at week's end, this time to make its second offer since contract talks began. Reuther roundly rejected Ford's terms, but quickly submitted a "counterproposal" of his own.

Though both camps kept mum on the details, few expected the latest ripples to end the six-week-old strike overnight. The blackout did seem to improve the temper of the affair, which has tended to be insulting. U.A.W. bargainers have been complaining that Ford Negotiator Sidney F. McKenna works "like a computer," like to call him the "McKenna Man." The union's veteran negotiator, Gene Prato, ended one recent session by announcing, in four-letter terms, that he'd had more than enough of McKenna.

Reuther admittedly aims to pressure Ford by keeping its rivals going. Yet last week he had no sooner cajoled res-

increase. So armed, he warned that unless Ford makes a move, "we are in for a long, long strike."

Ford was showing signs of strain. Having lost production of some 228,000 cars thus far, its dealers have fewer than 140,000 on hand, barely a third of them '68s. With the flow of U.S.-made parts ended, its Canadian operations have all but stopped.

The company did manage to turn out major executive changes last week, however. Shuffling the team near the top, Ford named as executive vice president (for finance) a longtime staffer who was one of the original postwar whiz kids: J. Edward Lundy, 52. To replace Charles H. Patterson, who retires next month at 65, Ford chose Mustang Man Lee Iacocca (TIME cover, April 17, 1964), now head of Ford's car and truck group. As executive vice president, Iacocca, who turns 43 this week, will run all Ford auto operations in North America.

G.M.'s Goodies. Though comparisons are somewhat clouded by the fact that all manufacturers put their new

cars on sale earlier this year than last, Ford's sales figures show definite strike symptoms. In the first ten days of this month, the Lincoln-Mercury Division sold only 5,650 cars, as against 14,058 last year. Though they, too, face possible strikes, the other automakers are cheering the best "debut time" in new car history. In all, the industry sold 327,531 new cars in the last ten days of September—second best ten-day period ever.

With Ford practically in the pits, General Motors expanded its share of the market from its usual 50%–55% to 63%. Following the industry pattern, in which early buyers tend to be up-with-the-Joneses types, full-sized cars did the best. Big Impalas, Biscaynes and Caprices topped Chevrolet's sales. Pontiac is selling twice as many big models as smaller Tempests and Firebirds. Full-sized Oldsmobiles sold twice as fast as intermediate F-85s. One of the best salesmen was G.M.'s first Negro dealer, Albert W. Johnson, 46, of Chicago. A former St. Louis hospital administrator with a yen for selling, he wrote G.M. Boss James Roche about a franchise last year, got it on Oct. 1 and wrote orders for 40 Oldsmobiles in his first week.

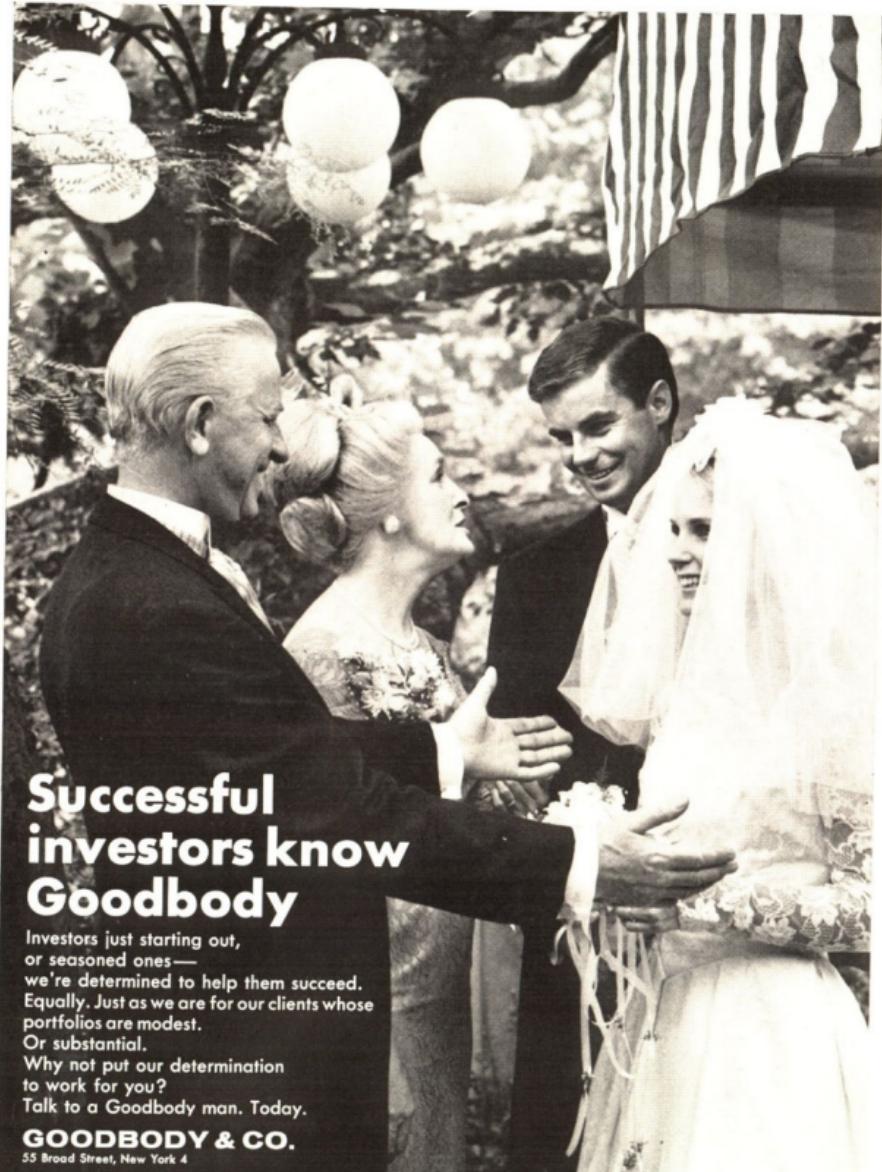
Chrysler, which took a two-week jump on its rivals in '68 sales, maintained its furious pace with its full-sized Plymouth Furies and Dodge Polara. Watched intently at Chrysler were the increased sales of Plymouth's intermediate Belvedere, which was restyled with a racy hop-up in the rear fenders and a faster roof line. American Motors Corp. also had increased sales—mostly because its new Javelin specialty cars were hitting the mark. One Dallas dealer crowed that for the first time in memory, "the kids came en masse."

RANCHING

A Kingdom for .8 of a Calf

A hundred years ago, Texas Rancher Charles Goodnight became a living legend of the West because of the way in which he and his Winchester-armed cowhands fought off rustlers during cattle drives and hanged without trial any they captured. Today, things are changed. Take the case of New Mexico Rancher George Farr, who last week had to fight off not rustlers but the U.S. Air Force. Farr was driving 500 head of cattle from his ranch to a railroad 40 miles away; the Air Force was about to fire an Athena missile from Green River, Utah, to White Sands, N. Mex. Farr figured that the cattle and the second stage of the missile would reach the same piece of trail at the same time, doggedly persuaded the

* One of Johnson's Chicago rivals is Ford's first Negro-owned dealership, opened in July by Cleo First Baseman Ernie Banks and Partner Bob Nelson. The industry's only other Negro dealer, Detroit's Ed Davis, got his Chrysler-Plymouth franchise five years ago.



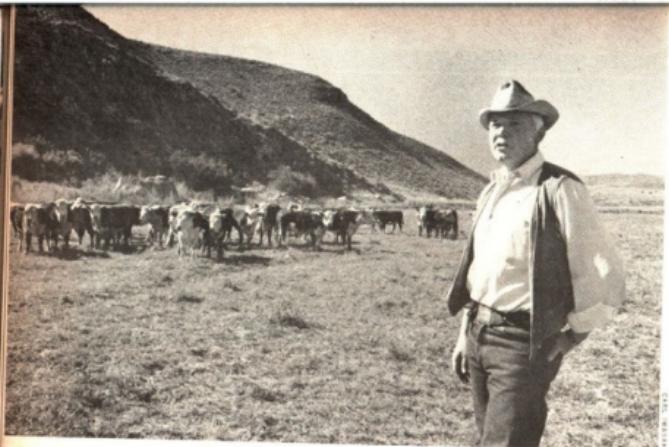
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ANDERSON SURVEYING HEIFERS ON THE CIRCLE DIAMOND
The only things recognizable are the size and the troubles.

Air Force to reschedule the shoot and give the cattle right of way.

Modern cattlemen herd their cattle by helicopter, brand them with dry ice instead of red-hot irons, talk about "gatherings" instead of roundups, depend on a good accountant more than a wise old foreman and, when they fade into the sunset, do so in pickup trucks with their trusty horses comfortably trailered on behind. About the only things old pokes would still recognize about the industry, indeed, are its size and its troubles. Cattle roam no less than 40% of all the land in the U.S., account for 20% of all farm income and the principal revenues of at least eleven states; they are worth more annually than wheat, corn and cotton combined. But even with the average U.S. consumer eating a record 105.5 lbs. of beef products a year, livestock prices have remained nearly constant for 15 years, while costs have risen 73%. "The cattle business is caught in a cost-price squeeze," says American National Cattlemen's Association Vice President C. William McMillan. "It is on shaky ground."

Two Hats, Nine Spreads. Faced by the squeeze and the modernization necessary to escape it, small ranchers are giving up. Not too long ago, a herd of 150 cattle could be grazed economically; today 400 represent the lowest economical unit. The trend is to younger, leaner cattle, raised on bigger, better spreads. The biggest operation of all, and a beacon for the industry, belongs to Robert O. Anderson, 50, who wears one big hat as chairman and chief executive of the Atlantic Richfield Co., doffs that for a cattleman's Stetson when he turns to the business he enjoys most. With nine ranches that occupy a million acres and support 13,000 cattle and feed lots that can fatten 100,000 at a time, Anderson is one of the largest landowners in the U.S. His annual gross of about

\$1,500,000 makes him more than a match for such legendary barons as Goodnight or King Ranch Founder Richard King.

Anderson made a fortune as an independent oil man before merging into Atlantic. He added cattle as an avocation in the 1950s. As a businessman first, he thinks of cattle in terms of "efficient converters of food," and the two-year cycles of his herds are geared to that concept. On the Circle Diamond, Anderson's main ranch near Roswell, N. Mex., and at his other ranches in Texas and Colorado, heifers are bred at two years of age, or six months earlier than usual. This spots the non-breeders and shy breeders, who eat up feed without producing offspring, also guarantees that good breeders will have .8 of a calf more in their eight- to ten-year breeding span. "That .8 calf," says Anderson, "is often the difference between a profitable producer and just an expensive cow. This is a precision business with no margin for error."

Maternity Room. Other Anderson innovations include a 45,000-acre maternity ranch at Santa Rosa, where pregnant heifers are trucked for deliveries under the skilled hands of six male midwives, and a staff of nutritionists who fatten the calves, once they are weaned, with special, generous diets. "They can eat all they want and as often as they want," says Anderson. "I hate to say it, but I suspect that our cattle eat better than many humans." Anderson's employees also include cowhands with agricultural-college degrees and three hunters whose job is to keep off marauding bears, coyotes and wildcats. The result of the carefully integrated operation is cattle that reach markets in Kansas City or Chicago at 16 months instead of 24 and, with a live weight of 1,000 lbs., to 1,040 lbs., will dress down to 600 lbs. when slaughtered. "That's the choice of the supermarkets today,"

explains Anderson. "Housewives are excellent judges of meat. They know what they want—beef cuts not too big for their taste and budget."

Successful as he is, Anderson is persistently concerned about the future of the cattle business. He spends as much time as he can at his ranch outside Roswell—partly because there "I don't have the pressures of big-city life." In his unorthodox way, he keeps track of Atlantic Richfield and its \$1.4 billion in annual sales by telephone and frequent visits to Philadelphia headquarters in an executive jet. For leisure he plays polo with neighboring ranchers, including Artist Peter Hurd, who paints a good horse but seemed to have some trouble with Lyndon Johnson. Anderson believes that the industry will more and more have to adopt his ways of breeding and feeding cattle, will also forsake its present Herefords, Angus, Shorthorns and crossbreeds for a new kind of space-age cow. "The future American breed," he says, "is yet to be defined. By selective breeding, I am convinced we can get the best converter of food, and I don't care what it looks like or what color it is."

TOBACCO

Silly Milly

Since 100-mm. cigarettes were introduced last year, they have won an unexpected share of the \$8 billion U.S. cigarette market. Pall Mall and Benson & Hedges, the first two brands to turn to the super-king size, had only 2% of total cigarette sales at the beginning of this year. Now, 20 different 100-mm. brands, backed by heavy advertising, have almost 15% of the market, or \$1 billion worth. Much of the gain came at the expense of 85-mm. filters.

Reading the smoke signals, the tobacco companies are switching adverti-



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INDUSTRIES



Explosion in Nuclear Power?

DIPLOMAT-TOURISTS IN WYOMING'S GRAND TETONS
Less a vacation than a civilization to be studied.

ing money and marketing emphasis toward the new long size as rapidly as they can. So many brands have appeared, however, that the tobacconists have been forced to reach for gimmicks. Benson & Hedges grabbed an early sales lead by means of commercials that lampooned longer length. Pall Mall responded with a "seven-minute cigarette" campaign. Introducing its Century Great Lengths, P. Lorillard capitalized on the fact that the name on the pack disappears when the cellophane outer label is crumpled. Lorillard advertising refers to the cigarette as the "whatchamacallit."

Last week Liggett & Myers went competitors one better. With two 100-mm. brands, L. & M. Menthol Talls and Golden 100s, already out, L. & M. announced national distribution of Chesterfield 101s. The new cigarette is actually 1 mm., or 39/1,000ths of an inch—the thickness of a dime—longer than competitors, and appears in a plum-colored pack with a large "101" on the front. To emphasize the difference and to create image, L. & M. will play on the "silly millimeter longer" feature of the cigarette, has earmarked a reported \$15 million for advertising.

TRAVEL

Discovering America

In a practical exercise of people-to-people diplomacy, 13 foreign envoys and their families recently took a 5,000-mile, expense-paid trailer trip across the U.S. Organized by nonprofit Travel Program for Foreign Diplomats Inc., the tour's aim was to let the visitors "get to know us, our land, our people and our institutions."

A record number of foreign visitors are, in fact, discovering America—and they are spending more than half a billion dollars of valuable exchange while enjoying the scenery. In the first eight months of 1967, there was a 28.7% increase over 1966 as 973,578 business and pleasure visitors arrived from overseas. In August, 191,494 travelers arrived in the U.S., a 50.2% jump over the same month last year. Impressive percentage increases in tourists during

the eight months were shown by Finland (94.2%), France (89.4%), Ecuador (67.3%) and Japan (53.3%).

Credited for at least part of the influx is Expo 67, a well-publicized reason for visiting the New World. Beyond that, the growing affluence of people in industrialized nations has been accompanied by an itch to see where most of the money comes from.

After questioning some tourists in 1966, the U.S. Travel Service, an agency of the Commerce Department, found that "the U.S.A. is viewed less in terms of a vacation land than as a civilization to be observed and studied." The U.S.T.S. has therefore geared its tourist program to a personalized approach, offering the foreign tourists such things as visits with American families and advice about local customs. Sample: "If you would like your shoes shined, stop by the barbershop or phone Valet Service. Do not leave them outside your hotel-room door."

Plugging Fun City. Business and cities have also joined the promotion campaign, putting the stress on low-cost travel. Continental Trailways and Greyhound advertise 99 days of unlimited travel for only \$99, while 14 airlines sell touring fares to attract foreigners. TWA and Pan Am are forever squiring travel editors across the oceans, and a recent group was wined, dined and toured through Chicago. Most wrote glowing reports for their home papers. Meanwhile, New York City, through which flows 80% of the nation's foreign visitors, sent Summer Festival Queen Nancy Davison overseas for six weeks with the express purpose of plugging free and inexpensive happenings in Fun City.

Everyone is happy about the increased number of foreign tourists, particularly the U.S. Government. The other side of the coin is not viewed with such pleasure in Washington. More and more U.S. vacationers have been fleeing the country and taking their dollars to foreign lands. As a result the U.S. travel deficit, which increased by \$31 million in 1966 to \$1.64 billion, is expected this year to hit \$1.8 billion or more.

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MILESTONES

Died. Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, 39, professional guerrilla and long-missing Castro sidekick who hoped to Communize South America; of gunshot wounds; in Bolivia (see *THE WORLD*).

Died. Gwyn Griffin, 42, British novelist, whose *An Operational Necessity*, a grim wartime tale of moral choice and murder at sea, rides high on current bestseller lists; of a bloodstream infection; near Introdacqua, Italy.

Died. Gordon W. Allport, 69, giant among U.S. psychologists and longtime (1930-67) Harvard professor; of lung cancer; in Cambridge, Mass. Wary of the sweeping generalities Freud found in the human subconscious, Allport from the start insisted that each personality is an irreducibly unique cluster of character traits; that man acts not so much because of universal primordial drives but rather as a result of individual characteristics developed over a lifetime. It was once a highly controversial idea, but today more and more psychologists are coming around to this view, and his *Personality: A Psychological Interpretation*, written 30 years ago, is a staple in U.S. classrooms.

Died. Thomas F. ("Tommy") Manville, 73, heir to a Johns-Manville asbestos fortune, much of which he spent on his many wives; of a heart attack; in Chappaqua, N.Y. "I'm the marrying kind," said the dapper Tommy, and he certainly proved the point, running through eleven wives in 13 marriages (longest: eleven years; shortest: 7 hours 45 minutes) in a 56-year mating game. All that sport cost him something like \$2,000,000 in alimony and lawyers' fees, but Tommy was ever hopeful. Said he after a four-day engagement to wife No. 5: "We're glad we waited to be sure."

Died. Stanley Morison, 78, British typographer, designer of Times New Roman, one of the world's most widely used type faces; after a long illness; in London. Compiler of several definitive histories of typography, Morison set out in 1932 to develop for the London Times, a type face that would be "masculine, English, direct, simple, and absolutely free from faddishness." His design was all he promised, and was adopted by the Times and literally thousands of other publications, including TIME in 1963.

Died. Vyvyan Holland, 80, only surviving son of Oscar Wilde; in London. As with his brother Cyril, Vyvyan's life was blighted by the shadow of his famed father's 1895 sodomy trial. Only eight at the time, he was spirited away from London by relatives, sent to European schools, given a new name, prevented from attending Oxford because his fa-

ther was anathema there. Eventually he emerged as a modest writer whose own memories of his father were of "the kindest and gentlest of men, a smiling giant, who crawled about the nursery floor with us and lived in an aura of cigarette smoke and eau de cologne."

Died. Rear Admiral Albert C. Read, 80, commander of the first plane to fly the Atlantic; of pneumonia; in Miami. On May 8, 1919, Read and 17 other Navy flyers clambered into three wood-and-canvas seaplanes, and headed out from Rockaway, L.I., bound for Plymouth, England. Two of the planes were hammered down by squalls off the Azores, but Read somehow kept his NC-4 aloft and eventually set down in Plymouth—after 23 days, seven stops, 3,936 miles. Actual flying time: 52 hr. 3 min. for an average of 75.6 m.p.h.

Died. André Maurois, 82, France's man of many letters; of complications following abdominal surgery; near Paris. No French author in this century proved so prolific—and few were rewarded with such honors. In a literary career spanning 50 years, Maurois produced over 120 works, including nine novels, three histories, countless articles, reviews, even advice to the love-lorn in women's magazines. But biography was his real forte. His infinitely researched studies of his nation's literary giants—Balzac, Voltaire, Proust, Hugo and Dumas—popularized a new genre in which he attempted to find threads of artistic order in each of his subject's lives, and thus draw unity from what he called "the shapeless mass" of events. A few critics scoffed at his "novelized biographies"; yet he illuminated literature for many who would otherwise have missed its delights.

Died. Clement R. Attlee, 84, architect of the modern welfare state in Britain; of pneumonia; in London (see *THE WORLD*).

Died. Albert Hustin, 85, Belgian chemist who in 1914 discovered that citrate of sodium would prevent bottled blood from clotting, thereby opening the door to blood banks; in Brussels.

Died. Sir Norman Angell, 94, crusading pacifist and winner of the 1933 Nobel Peace Prize; of pneumonia; in Surrey, England. During half a century of writing punctuated by two world wars, Angell published more than 40 books decrying as illusory any "victory" in war and urging meaningful peace through collective security, most notably in *Europe's Optical Illusion*, a slim pamphlet first printed in 1909 and then, as it became the subject of a raging controversy, expanded into a book-length *The Grand Illusion*, which was eventually translated into 15 languages.



Just getting there will be like shooting a bee in flight with an air rifle from a whirling merry-go-round at a range of 100 yards. Getting back will be even tougher.

But any analogy is far too simple. For NASA's lunar-landing Project Apollo beggars the imagination.

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ITT



CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Eire-Borne Visions

mastersinger's verbal music still works its magick in the broadest way imaginable, from the clearheaded images to the twoddle of a fuddled brain. In the beginning was the whirred, whorled prose of James Joyce; now a group of unknowns have transformed *Finnegans Wake* into a movie. Surprisingly, many of the book's Eire-born visions work as screenwriter becomes screenwriter and his prose gains the breadth of life. A tavernkeeper, H. C. Earwicker (Martin J. Kelley) sleeps drunkenly dreaming of his wife Anna Livia Plurabelle, his daughter and his two sons Shem and Shaun. In the background runs the ballad about Finnegan's Wake, the saga of a laborer who falls off a scaffold, theft returns to life when the word whisky is mentioned.

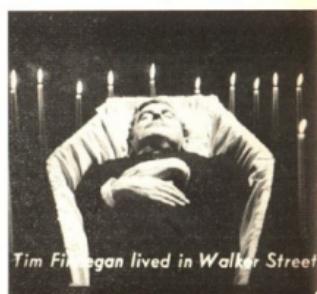
To the symbol-minded Joyce, the fabric of the story is not as it seems; with his unique portmanteauhold on language, he gives every line a sinister dexterity and gleanings of meanings. Finnegans, for example, is a Franco-English pun: *fin*-again—literally, resurrection. In a word, it sums up Joyce's epic of eternal recurrence in which Finnegans-Earwicker goes through mankind's plunge and rise as he "falls" asleep only in the end to "wake" to life. H. C. Earwicker's initials, as he himself explains, also stand for Here Comes Everybody and Haveth Childers Everywhere; his dreamscape is like a palimpsest in which myth overlays legend overlaying lore. Anna Livia Plurabelle (Jane Reilly) is also Dublin's river Liffey (life). His sons Shem and Shaun are, among others, Lucifer and the Archangel Michael. The film's multipersoned hero himself combines such disparate characters as Adam, Tristram and Jonathan Swift. Joyce believed that the pun is mightier than the word. His *double-entendres* are so arcane and gusty that the movie must print explanations below the image, making *Finnegans Wake* a movie of the future.

Several cuts above the ordinary

Like to look superior, feel superior? You're the man for Custom Royal clothes by 'Botany' 500. For this clothing, the Daroffs have actually created exclusive and elegant fabric motifs, the likes of which you have never seen before: rich colorings, unusual patterns and surface effects, a gentle hand that lends itself to tailoring ingenuity. Indeed, you will find the complete line a cut above the ordinary and, for such quality, the prices represent extraordinary value. Stop in and see the complete Custom Royal wardrobe. Suits from \$95.00, Outercoats \$89.95-\$99.95, Sport Coats \$59.95-\$85.00, Slacks \$27.50-\$32.50. ('Botany' 500 also tailors the exceptionally elegant CONNOISSEUR Suit...the "collector's item" for the most important moments of your life. \$110., Outercoats \$119.50.)

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For name of nearest "Botany" 500 dealer, write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., Philadelphia 3, Pa. (a subsidiary of Botany Industries). Prices slightly higher in the West. Linings Sanitized[®] treated for hygienic freshness. Also available in Canada, Peru and Australia.



Tim Finnegan lived in Walker Street

SCENE FROM "WAKE"
The fabric is not as it seems.



KELLEY AS FINNEGAN

In the beginning was the whirred:

egan one of the few films to employ English subtitles below English dialogue.

The filming of *Finnegans Wake* required a Joycean energy from Producer-Director-Scenarist Mary Ellen Bute, 60, an American whose previous movie experience has been confined to short subjects. Almost inevitably, her brave effort suffers by comparison with Joseph Strick's recent version of *Ulysses* (TIME, March 31). Part of the problem is in the size of the task undertaken. For all its mythic dimensions, the huge superstructure of *Ulysses* is based largely on a single classic theme. But *Finnegan* cosmically takes on all history—Critic Frank O'Connor shrewdly accused Joyce the agnostic of egoistically revising "God's point of view about the universe." Moreover, the *Wake* deals entirely with the subconscious mind, the kingdom of dreams.

Considering the episodic quality of the film, Martin J. Kelley does remarkably well in the title role, but the other actors ornament rather than illuminate the proceedings. Still, its dream sequences are far more audacious than *Ulysses'* pedestrian efforts, featuring reverse footage, collages and montages that frequently are as challenging and witty as Joyce's prose. The author spent 17 years on his 628-page *Wake*; a film might have to labor as long to represent it all. Within the confines of its 94 minutes, the movie does remarkably well and remains true to Joyce by coming full cycle. It employs all the author's devices to suggest eternal recurrence; for example, it begins with the last half of a sentence and ends with the first half, leaving the words dangling in mid-air. In sum, re Joyce: rejoice the

Stolen Goods

Recently, comic westerns have assumed that *Cat Ballou* had nine lives. *Waterhole #3* offers ample evidence that it did not. This latest imitative incarnation lacks Lee Marvin and much else besides. An arguably lovable villain (James Coburn) plugs an enemy with a long-distance rifle, then takes from the corpse a map indicating a cache of glommed Government gold. Before setting out on the treasure hunt, he finds time to rape the local sheriff's daughter. When confronted by the in-



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dignant father, he claims roguishly that the murder was self-defense, the rape merely "assault with a friendly weapon." The lumpy lawman not only buys the story, but comes along on the gold rush. Ultimately, the thief heads for Mexico with the loot, cheating everyone—the sheriff, the girl, the U.S. Cavalry and the viewer.

As he proved with the *Flint* films, Coburn can cut a wide peel from some mighty small potatoes. But this enterprise makes him seem less a star than a character actor who needs smaller roles in order to regain his comic stature. In part, the blame may lie with a bland, spiritless script that fancies itself original in lampooning western clichés, yet has the temerity to steal Jack Benny's most famous joke: "Your money or your life." Pause. "Well?" "I'm thinking." Theft and rape may sometimes be forgivable; plagiarism never.

THE TRADE

Nude Wave

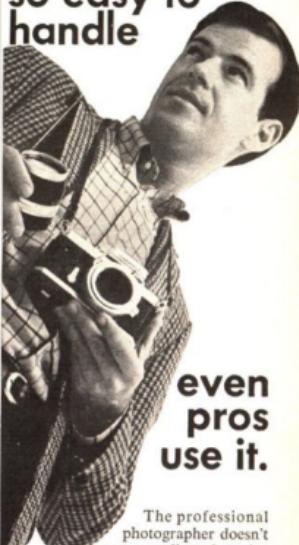
During one week in Detroit recently, such Hollywood spectacles as *The Sand Pebbles*, *Grand Prix* and *The Bible* rang up grosses of \$12,000, \$15,000 and \$20,000 respectively. Yet the film that outstripped all its box-office competition, with receipts of \$28,000, was an unknown sexpotboiler called *The Aroused*. It is one of the 50 or so low-budget "nudies" that are cranked out each year for the "goon market." Capitalizing on the decline of censorship, these "exploitation films," as their producers refer to them, are now bigger and bawdier than ever.

With their lurid titles—*My Bare Lady*, *Caught in the Act*, *Thigh Spy*, and *Love Is a Four-Letter Word*—nudies are featured at more than 400 theaters in the U.S. Dallas has five such houses, Boston four, Detroit eleven, Los Angeles twelve and Manhattan 16. The growth of the nudie drive-ins has created a new menace on the highways: near Dallas, one drive-in owner was ordered to build a view-obstructing wall after three passing motorists careened off the road while gawking at the girlies. Estimates of the yearly haul from these ventures in the skin trade run as high as \$60 million. One classic nudie, *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, which cost a mere \$24,000 to make, earned over \$1,000,000.

The nude wave is almost unbelievably shabby—abominable acting, inane dialogue, scratchy sound tracks, color that looks as if it were developed in peroxide. Plot is so incidental that old seduction scenes are freely spliced into new films. In many instances, the footage is a third-rate melodrama bought cheaply in Europe and then fleshed out with a few shots of naked girls romping in the grass.

Though the marques scream about a VOLCANO OF SMOLDERING PASSION!, the view inside is little more than a *Playboy* peep show, less glossy but just as

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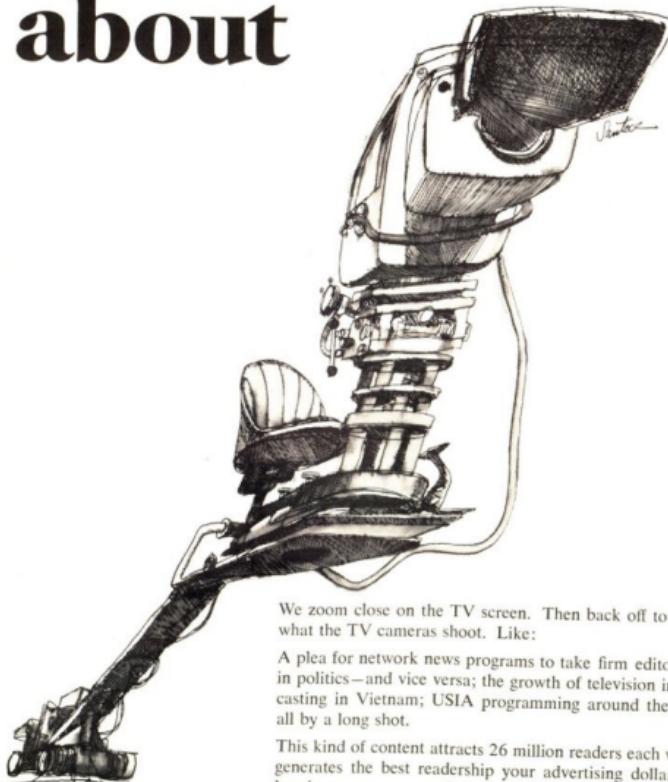
The easier he cameras, the more attention he can pay to the picture. His main concern is with quality and versatility. And this leads him to a natural preference for the Nikkormat FT, because it is part of the Nikon F system. He probably owns a Nikon F also, and several Nikkor lenses and accessories which he uses with both cameras.

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Sources: Current Simmons, Starch Adnorms.



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Chicago—corner of Monroe and Wacker Drive

sexless. Lust is a popeyed man ogling a barmaid's cleavage, virginity a lacquered ex-stripper trying to look like a wide-eyed schoolgirl caught up in the evil ways of the big city. Usually, there are only random glimpses of breasts and bottoms, although lately the nudies have been edging closer to the limits of pornography with a rash of "sadie-mas-sies" that drag in homosexuality, flagellation, voyeurism, lesbianism and assorted orgies. Among some *aficionados* of the nudies, the subcategories are known as "roughies" (breasts and violence), "ghoulies" (breasts and monsters), "kinkies" (breasts and whips) and, inspired by the 1963 documentary *Mondo Cane*, "mondos" (breasts around the world).

While the flesh flicks have served as a training ground for a few serious young directors unable to crack the big studios,* they are primarily a haven for the fast-talk, fast-buck artists. One Hollywood nudie producer, Ted Parhamore, prides himself on dreaming up such come-on titles as *The Girl with Hungry Eyes* and *Not Tonight, Henry*. "Titles are very important in this business," he explains, "because frankly the pictures aren't that different." He even welcomes the censorship attempts of some newspapers when they change the ads for *Days of Sin and Nights of Nymphomania* to something like *Days of Naughtiness and Nights of ?*, because "it makes things seem even dirtier in the reader's imagination."

* Most notable nudie graduate is Francis Ford Coppola, who wrote and directed an engaging feature, *You're a Big Boy Now*, and is currently shooting the \$6,000,000 Warner Bros.-Seven Arts production of *Finian's Rainbow* starring Petula Clark and Fred Astaire.

BURTON BERINICK



AD AT MANHATTAN "NUDIE" THEATER
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Memories of a Simpler War

THE KOREAN WAR by Matthew B. Ridgway. 291 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95.

The Korean War was frustrating, messy and bloody, but compared with Viet Nam, it was simple. For one thing, the Communists struck across a clear demarcation line, leaving no doubt in anyone's mind about the nature of the aggression. For another, Russia and China were still united, and while this made them a formidable enemy, it also made them easier to cope with in the American mind; there was little thought then of "building bridges" to Communist nations or of betting on Titoism in Asia.

General Matt Ridgway, that once familiar figure with the fur cap and the hand grenades dangling from his field jacket, was the man who took over from Douglas MacArthur after President Truman fired the aging hero. (As a younger generation of hawks and doves now scarcely remember, MacArthur had publicly criticized the Pres-

one of the most overdiscussed personnel changes in modern history, Ridgway comes down hard on MacArthur for his refusal to accept the fact that the Chinese Communists were massing for their invasion. "This wholly human failing of discounting or ignoring all unwelcome facts," writes Ridgway wryly, "seemed developed beyond the average in MacArthur's nature." He adds: "I cannot help drawing a parallel with Custer's behavior at the Little Big Horn, when the commander's overriding belief that he alone was right closed his mind to all counsel."

Korea, writes Ridgway, "taught us that all warfare from this time forth must be limited. It could no longer be a question of whether to fight a limited war, but of how to avoid fighting any other kind." Yet he suggests that a major military test with Communism is still to come—offering no speculation on how or where. Viet Nam, in his view, is not the place. That war, he believes, represents an overdraft on American resources that is disproportionate to the national interest in that part of the world. He fears that the U.S. may find itself "unduly weakened when we need to meet new challenges in other, more vital areas of the world." That said, the general remains curiously unspecific when it comes to suggesting solutions or even alternatives to U.S. policy in Viet Nam.

Tourist with a Long View

BETWEEN MAULE AND AMAZON by Arnold J. Toynbee. 154 pages. Oxford University Press. \$5.

Arnold Toynbee showed in his ten-volume *Study of History* that he could juggle the lives of civilization as confidently as lesser chroniclers dwell on the vagaries of municipal elections. Although his 1961 *Reconsiderations* amounted to an admission of error in some of the principles that sustained his *Study*, the work did not topple. Now, at 78, Toynbee is ready to cope with various mundane matters. He has taken note of the hippies ("A red warning light for the American way of life") and clashed head-on with advertising ("The destiny of our Western civilization turns on the issue of our struggle with all that Madison Avenue stands for more than it turns on the issue of our struggle with Communism").

In *Between Maule and Amazon*, Toynbee writes briefly about his most recent travels in Latin America and saves for his last page a firm course of treatment for that troubled continent: "My first step would be to dump all the statues of San Martin in the Atlantic, all the statues of O'Higgins in the Pacific, and all the statues of Bolivar in the Caribbean, and I would forbid their replacement, under pain of death."

Given the Latin American temperament, it is unlikely that this unsmiling

advice will be taken. It even raises the possibility that only in Brazil would Toynbee's safety be assured, for he found Brazilian nationalism "ironic and lighthearted." But his point, though indefinitely made, is clear enough. To a passionate one-worlder, the sight of nationalism in action is dreary at best. And as a champion of religion, Toynbee would replace the statues of the national liberators with "replicas of the



RIDGWAY IN KOREA (1951)
Custer rode again.

ident for not allowing him to strike back at Red China across the Yalu.) In a brisk personal and military memoir, Ridgway, who is now 72 and retired, reviews the U.S.'s first major confrontation with Communism in Asia.

Ridgway's achievement in Korea was to rescue a scattered, retreating, demoralized and outnumbered army from defeat, and to mount five spring offensives that drove the Chinese back beyond the 38th parallel—where international politics at last fixed a true line. Retracing what by now must be



ARNOLD TOYNBEE IN CHILE
Status into the ocean.

Christ of the Andes and pictures of the Virgin of Guadalupe."

One might object that the simple label of nationalist does not characterize Bolívar, whose efforts to create a community of independent countries preceded by more than a century the formation of today's Organization of American States. Toynbee himself hedges on his theory. Suppose, he suggests, peaceful "integration" of all Latin American countries were to come about. Would it be followed "by a more vicious regional super-nationalism?" For Toynbee, who takes the practiced historian's long view, Latin America may not reach a state of political grace in any event: "The sequel to the 19th century unification of Germany is a bad augury."

Useful Guide. Toynbee has a very human eye for detail—but with a scholarly difference. Brasília, the new capital of Brazil, pleases him because it has escaped the "geometer"—the builder who lays out cities as grids. But it also reminds him that "chessboard Babylon was so depressing for Nebuchadnezzar's highland wife that he had to build her an artificial knobly mountain—the famous 'Hanging Gardens.'" Noting that Brasília's TV tower dominates the city while the main body of the cathedral is subterranean, Toynbee observes that "technology is the dominant element in present-day life; religion



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DOUGLAS
MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



is retreating to the catacombs again."

On a less intellectual plane, the historian proves himself an unexpectedly useful guide. A keen appreciator of fine sherry, Toynbee tasted the wines of Mendoza in Argentina and found them to his liking: "So far as I have sampled them, every variety is good . . . They deserve to be drunk all over the world."

Special from No Man's Land

THE MANOR by Isaac Bashevis Singer.
442 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$6.95.

Isaac Bashevis Singer is a most curious relic. He pecks away at his 22-year-old Yiddish typewriter, writing of dubious demons and Polish *shtetls* (Jewish villages) that disappeared before he was born. Is he, at 63, the greatest liv-



DAVID GANS

SINGER AT HOME IN MANHATTAN

Where change is king.

ing 19th century novelist—author of titles as blatantly old-fashioned as *The Family Moskat*? Is he a Jewish Hawthorne? No labels quite cling to a writer who was too long regarded as just a quaint retailer of legends.

Faced with this book, some readers might be dismayed by the thought of yet another Jewish novel. What with *The Fixer* by Malamud, *The Chosen* by Potok, and *Fathers* by Herbert Gold, not to mention a score of nonfiction books on Jewish themes recently, the public may well suspect a conspiracy to corner the literary market. But Singer is different and special. A deceptively frail, birdlike presence, he inhabits with iron realism a no man's land somewhere in the middle of a life of contradictions divided between 31 years spent in his native Poland and 32 years in his adopted home, New York City.

The son of a rabbi, he uses an adolescent language; yet he has the spiritual restlessness, the wry embarrassment at heroics, the ashy taste for the absurd that are so typical of modern

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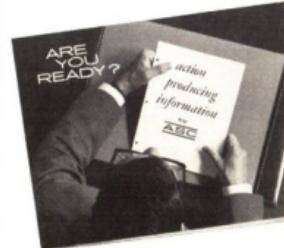
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writers. At the same time, the difference between Singer and the Jewish-American authors is the distance between the first and the second generations. However brilliant they may be at times, their Jewish tradition and color have a borrowed air; Singer's are genuine. Their characters, at large in American life, suffer alienation; his characters, alone in their closed world, triumph over isolation.

Tragicomic Figure. *The Manor*, written between 1953 and 1955 but now appearing for the first time in English, could be the breakthrough book to gain Singer the wider audience he deserves. Like all of his fiction (*The Magician of Lublin*, *Gimpel the Fool*), this work is a subtle form of autobiography, projecting the author's own sense of exile. It embraces a quarter of a century of change in the life of a Jewish family near Warsaw in 1863. If the time and plot sound remote, the theme is not. The central character is a kind of *petit bourgeois* Job who has to endure the special ordeal also known to the modern family man: he is condemned to watch his children depart, with brutal casualness and indifference, from their upbringing.

Calman Jacoby begins as a simple, God-fearing small businessman. As a result of various political and social upheavals, he winds up an industrial entrepreneur. The children, as usual, go modern in their own ways. One of Calman's daughters commits the heresy of an interfaith marriage. A son-in-law, fascinated and undermined by science, moves toward that 20th century religion-substitute, psychiatry. The son-in-law's sister moves to the city and turns into a forerunner of the Career Girl.

A tragicomic figure, Calman looks at it all and blinks: "Who knew what the world was coming to?" The women smoke cigarettes, the men falsify accounts. Fear of God is replaced by fear of bureaucrats. The old fixed values are suddenly gone. At the end, Calman stops the world and gets off. He hides himself in a private makeshift synagogue—a mirage of an island in the sea of change.

Man Can Survive. Clearly, Singer feels an enormous sympathy for Calman, and just as clearly he sees that Calman's gesture will not do. He feels an almost equal compassion for the children, and he sees that their various solutions will not do either. Like a true modern, Singer reserves the right to reject the past and dislike the present simultaneously. But he refuses to fall into fashionable despair. Below both hope and hopelessness, he reaches a bedrock conviction: men can survive all the new-old styles of frustration that they think up for themselves so ingeniously. Yes, he seems to say, change is king. And yes, life goes on, about as bad and as good and as endlessly fascinating as always. No other novelist today can balance this double truth so well.

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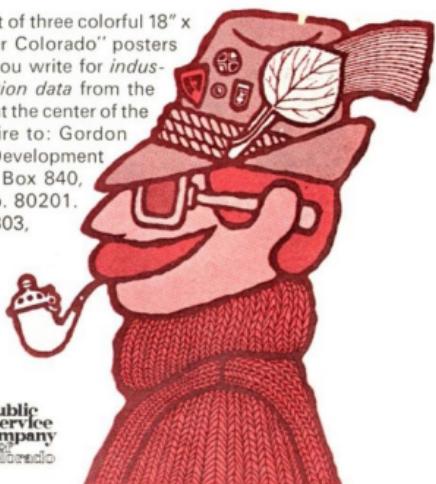
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The Prodigal Parents

THE SLOW NATIVES by Thea Astley. 223 pages. M. Evans. \$4.95.

There is a convent near Brisbane, Australia, where the nuns serve visitors a specialty of their religious house: confiture of prickly pear. This exotic jam might well symbolize the theme of Thea Astley's novel, in which the harsh products of Australian soil undergo the painful process of civilization.

The scene is subtropical Brisbane, where a family of intellectual pioneers tests its illusions against a philistine, no-nonsense, somewhat raffish society. Once again Carol Kennicott (called here Iris Leverson) snoots Main Street and raises the banner of art (interior decoration) and sexual freedom (mild adul-



THEA ASTLEY
Confiture of prickly pear.

tery with a neighbor). The author's feminine eye and ear for antipodean Babbletry and for significant styles in décor, clothes, deportment and accent make her a lively social satirist. But her book should not be mistaken for a mere gibe at the gaucheries of a raw culture. She is also dealing with the moral fate of a painfully recognizable family.

The Leversons are lapsed from religion and dutifully "progressive" in relation to their only son, 14-year-old Keith, who finds the natural conservatism of his age affronted by the necessity of calling his dim, tired father "Bernard." Keith's reaction is to rebel against the absence of authority. He becomes part surfe, part baby-faced Rimbaud, muttering tags of poetry and fragments of hip, and flirting with homosexuality. When he learns of his mother's adultery with the friendly neighborhood lecher, Rimbaud becomes Hamlet; he rages in silence against mother and his ghost of a father and takes to the road.

Keith is a study in adolescent nihilism until a twitch on the umbilical



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cord brings him home. Novelist Astley, a writer new to the U.S., dresses her old-fashioned pieties in mod prose. She is a fine craftsman and the best woman novelist to appear in Australia since Christina Stead. She will be all the better when she forsakes some stylistic foibles, which appear to have been picked up from Australia's overmannered senior novelist, Patrick White.

The Old Red Mare

INFIDEL IN THE TEMPLE by Matthew Josephson. 513 pages. Knopf. \$8.95.

Another old intellectual war horse of the '30s has run in the Marx Memorial Handicap and pulled up lame but far from winded after 513 grueling pages.

Matthew Josephson, now 68, is perhaps best remembered for his muckraking classic, *The Robber Barons*, a gallery of the "malefactors of great wealth" who dominated the second half of the 19th century in the U.S. The theme was full of pay dirt for the propagandist, but Josephson, one of the few radicals who had any notion of how American business actually worked, wrote with authority. *Infidel in the Temple* is an attempt to evoke the spirit of the Depression years, but the effect is only that of an endless documentary spliced from old newsreels, with a commentary by the author explaining that he was there.

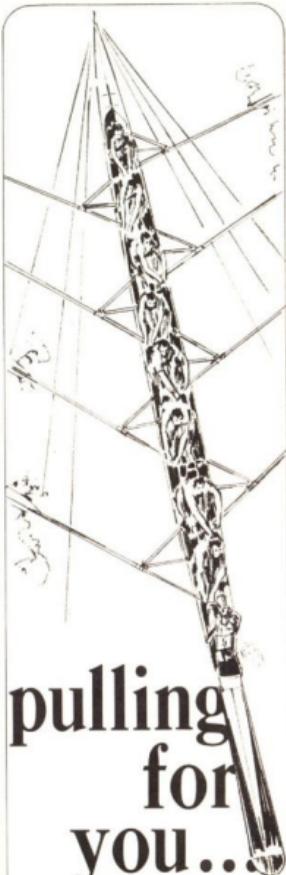
Once again, "Iron-Pants" Johnson rides to Washington, once again the Byzantine intrigues of the Communists and of the non-, near- and anti-Communists are uncoiled. One learns that Karl Marx had whiskers and that Roosevelt looked poorly in 1944, that Communists are devious and that—etc. It would tax the attention span of a U.N. stenographer.

Only once or twice does the account come to life, when Josephson deals with some noted figures who were touched by the grandeur and miseries of the '30s. He has Edmund Wilson darkly prophesying that come the revolution, some intellectual enemy would "be done away with." Whitaker Chambers makes the scene as a malevolent monster who framed a guiltless Hiss, and John Dos Passos is treated with oblique sneers. Chambers and Dos Passos had been vehemently for, and later, vehemently against Communism, and this perhaps is what disturbs Josephson. No Comrade Quixote, he was happily embraced by the New Deal bureaucracy, and remained a puzzled neutral in the ideological warfare of the time.

Short Notices

RICKENBACKER by Edward Vernon Rickenbacker. 458 pages. Prentice-Hall. \$7.95.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker was a daredevil racing driver and America's World War I ace of aces, later applied his bravura to business when he took over Eastern Air Lines. He survived a dizzying number of auto and plane crashes, one of which led to his spectac-



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EDDIE RICKENBACKER IN FRANCE (1918)

Deserving of another honor.

ular 24-day nightmare in a rubber raft in the Pacific in 1942. Unfortunately, Pilot Rickenbacker's prose does not fly; it won't even roll. The irascible old individualist makes his life sound dully plausible and pat.

Moreover, he fails to relate incidents that would help to explain why in his day he was both fervently admired and damned. Nowhere in the book, for example, is the story about the separate microphone that he used at Eastern's management meetings, enabling him to cut in on speakers with withering sarcasm ("You're not managers; you're leeches!"). Nor does he discuss his espousal of such right-wing causes as the repeal of the income tax and U.S. withdrawal from the U.N. Captain Eddie, now 77, has been awarded 14 honorary doctorates and 55 major decorations for merit and bravery, including the Congressional Medal of Honor. Clearly he deserves another honor: a better biographer.

MEMORIES by C. M. Bowra. 369 pages. Harvard University Press. \$7.95.

At the art of autobiography, no one betters the British, who prefer to live in the past and talk about it. Now 69 and Warden of Oxford's Wadham College, Sir Maurice Bowra seems to have spent a lifetime as a classical scholar preparing to write his memoirs. His sentences, too many of them balanced on a median "and," move at the stately pace of an Oxford procession. His assurance is majestic. It assumes that the reader will want to hear everything about him, from his encounter with the novelist Henry James, who asked politely if the young Bowra were still at school ("I replied that I was") to the disposition of a fellow don's remains: "When Frederic Harrison died, he left us his ashes, together with those of his wife, in an urn to be placed in the chapel. After some debate it was agreed that, as he had not been a Christian, they could not go in the chapel but might go in the ante-chapel." In this book, a very private and very special world of British scholarship is not so much revealed as apostrophized.



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